Your best policy. Sign our Free Zeppelin Insurance Coupon. *Page iii. of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 547. | SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 240489
For meaning of this number see p. 29.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Tablets that create New Strength—

WONDERFUL little tablets—easy to take, pure and absolutely harmless. They're known as

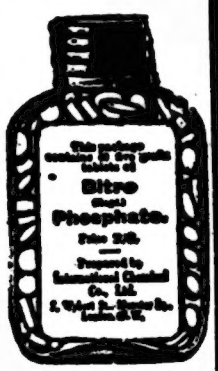
Bitro-Phosphate Tablets

because they are prepared from pure Bitro-Phosphate—a nerve food and tissue builder of proven efficacy in cases of

NEURASTHENIA—DEPRESSION
LOSS OF WEIGHT—FAILING STRENGTH
INSOMNIA—DEBILITY

and other ailments resulting from nerve starvation and tissue wastage.

Take one Bitro-Phosphate tablet either during or immediately after meals and you will soon feel brighter, stronger, happier and better in every way for having done so.



Bitro-Phosphate Tablets

Concentrated Food for the Brain & Nerves.

Price 2/6 per flask
Containing two weeks' treatment.

Obtainable of high-class chemists everywhere, or sent post free on receipt of price by the sole manufacturers:—

International Chemical Co., Ltd.,
7, WYBERT ST., MUNSTER SQ., LONDON, N.W.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

This coupon is worth 1/- to you
A 9616
This Coupon entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to One Shilling.
Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen, and is available to December 31st. 1916
£ 0-1-0
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Xmas. 1916
Signed. The Manager
AVAILABLE FOR COLONIAL READERS TO JAN. 31 1917

AS a Christmas Gift, we are presenting you this year with a coupon which will be accepted by our Pen Department as of the value of 1s., in part payment of the "JOHN BULL" Pen, thus avoiding the necessity of purchasing 13 copies of the paper. A Fountain Pen is the most welcome gift to the boys in the trenches or on the sea—by utilising our Gift Coupon you may, at once, at a very small outlay, obtain one of these most useful and acceptable presents for your friends. The "JOHN BULL" Pen is universally acknowledged as one of the finest obtainable, and is equal in every respect to the very much higher-priced Fountain Pens so extensively advertised.

The 'Write' kind of Gift for Sailors and Soldiers

Send for one To-day

THE STANDARD MODEL.
Thoroughly useful and reliable and fitted with a 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.
PRICE 2/6
With Xmas Gift Coupon, 1/6
Postage 2d.
THE DE LUXE MODEL.
Made of hand-cut vulcanite, handsomely chased, and fitted with a 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.
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Embodies all latest improvements, and can be safely carried in any position. When closed the ink section is drawn into the barrel.
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Mounted with rolled gold bands. With solid 9ct. gold mounts, 2/6 extra.
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THE STYLO.
Thoroughly reliable and useful.
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INK ALWAYS TO HAND.

One of these pellets in a pen filled with water makes an ideal ink.

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"JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

"Tales of a Toffee-Tin"

"A — — — B.E.F."

This is the Tin that at length (at length) found its way out there to the Boys—

then speedily the tin of toffee became a mere toffee-tin—and the letter home said "why only one?"

Six braves; and one tin of Mackintosh's from Blighty; and in a few hours just a sweet memory. Except for the few pieces that are stored away for biting on when a bad patch is struck; then the Boy munches, and grumbles, and smiles at the heart of him—just as grown-up ordinary mortals smile when they let the boy-spirit in them free and enjoy these homely, delicious sweetmeats Mackintosh's make.

And Mackintosh's Toffee is a sweet that it's good to like; for it is brimful of nutriment and overflowing with goodness. Pure sugar, butter, and thick rich cream give it a big food value. Late for lunch—eat Mackintosh's; on the midnight watch—eat Mackintosh's; for children or for full-grown men and women there's nothing more full-of-food.

It is simply a duty to treat our Soldiers and Sailors to lots and lots of Toffee-de-Luxe. Ask one.

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins, by confectioners everywhere. 1½d. per oz.

To the Trade only.

The extensive advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, and the fact that it is so good, pure, and delicious, have made it a staple product of steadily increasing and enormous demand. Both Wholesale and Retail Trade are strongly urged to provide for this increasing demand by revising their stocks at once.
John Mackintosh Ltd., Halifax, England.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 31.

OLD CALABAR

MEAT DOG BISCUITS
ARE THE BEST STAPLE DIET
Sample and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

CRAYOL CIGARETTE CARTOON. — No. 10.

SISTER SUSIE SENDING SMOKES

Sister Susie is sending some smokes
To the boys in Khaki and Blue,
Collecting the pennies from all her folks
And all of her folks' folk too.
She sends out Crayols to East and West :
The Soldiers and Sailors like them best.

CRAYOL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

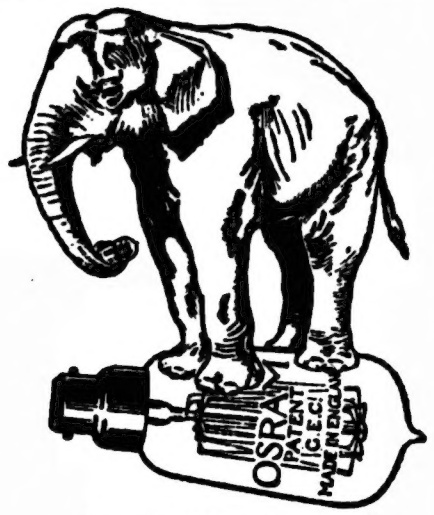
You 'll be keen on CRAYOLS from the word "go." They have quite a rich flavour, yet they are mild. Skilful blending is the secret. Next time say, "CRAYOLS, please."

Those who like a cigarette made of Oriental tobaccos should also try 'Karam' at the same price.

10 for 4d.
20 for 7½d.

P.C.E.—99

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH



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LAMPS
ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL
MADE ONLY AT
HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

A Dog Food that is ALL FOOD..

MADE of the finest quality and most nourishing ingredients only—including Meat Fibrine—SPRATT'S Dog Cakes and Puppy Biscuits are to-day, as during the last 50 years, recognised by dog lovers as the standard food that maintains dogs in perfect health and strength. Spratt's Biscuits do not contain added sugar or chemicals, which are frequently introduced to make inferior foods attractive.

"Spratt's Biscuit Book" illustrates and describes the food for YOUR dog. Write for a copy (stating breed).

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Look for the Trade Mark X on every Biscuit.

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SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS are most delicious.

Nothing better on a damp or cold day—nothing easier to prepare. The best soup that money can buy. Nourishing and satisfying.

13 Varieties: Tomato, Ox-Tail, Mulligatawny, Lentil, Kidney, Hare, Mock Turtle, Green Pea, Celery, Pea, Scotch Broth, Onion, White Vegetable.

A packet makes a quart. Sold everywhere.

W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD.,
Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.
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"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 26 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 22 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d. Best tobacco, 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 30 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 1 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Best Gift for the TROOPS
Nickel, 1/-; Silver Plated, 1/6; Silver, 5/-. Paper Tubes: 1,000, 1/6; 500, 10d., post free. New supply in, no waiting.
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ON EASY TERMS

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 547. Week ending Saturday, November 25th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

"Look to the West."

Remember our recent advice. And continue to keep your eyes on the West. Haig is not finished, and even King Winter won't stop him.

Secret Sessions.

Either they are a fraud or a danger. If no secrets are told why hold them? And, if they *are* told, there are men in the House not to be trusted with them.

That Traitor Prince.

Before the Battle of the Ancre the Duke of Albany arrived to review the German regiment of which he is Colonel. *And he is still a British peer!*

Do it *Now*.

After coloured bread, coloured troops. Let the Government make up their minds now—*it will have to come.*

That Channel Raid.

The question we asked last week as to who was responsible for lowering the boom defence at Dover has not yet been answered. We now beg further to inquire how the enemy became possessed of the chart which enabled it to race to and fro between the minefields, without a scratch? Both these questions demand definite replies.

Still Sleepy.

By the way, have you noticed that Admiralty statement absolving the Captain of the *Queen* from all blame for the loss of his vessel on the occasion of the raid? Captain Gates has received from the Board of Admiralty an "appreciation of his conduct." Yet the First Lord told Parliament that the Captain "need not have lost his ship." Really, Mr. Balfour *must* wake up!

The Bishop's Blunder.

The Editor of the *Municipal Engineering and Sanitary Record* asks our "co-operation in discountenancing the attitude of the Bishop of London in objecting to instruction in hygiene in elementary schools being given in lieu of lessons in 'doctrine.'" We hereby co-operate.

That Visitation!

And here is an extract from a letter—typical of many received by us—apropos of the recent visit of the Bishop of London to the Fleet: "We were all surprised when the bugle sounded 'General Assembly.' We *had* to attend, and incidentally wait forty minutes past time for our dinner: and the net result was terribly bad language." Dear old Jack!

"Govern or Go!"

You remember that? "I am told," said Mr. Runciman the other day, in his Food Minister speech, "that the country wants to be governed. I ask the House of Commons to give us power to govern." That's a better tone. We may make something of the Coalition yet.

More Hackney Heroes.

Still the wonderful list grows—the latest names to be placed upon the Roll of Honour being those of three splendid boys of the Clapton Orient Football Club—Jonas, Scott and McFadden; with yet another—Dalrymple—wounded. Glorious Hackney!

What's This?

But, speaking of Hackney, what is all this trouble we hear of, about the Guardians getting rid of old servants to make room for Conscientious Objects? Surely there is some mistake.

From the "Berwick Journal."

"Mr. Bottomley cheered hundreds in Berwick in a way in which they have never been cheered *before* . . . We should not be surpised if Mr. Bottomley came to be one of the Plenipotentiaries to Berlin . . . If our sailors and soldiers have their way, he will." We wonder whether we should get back alive!

Our Alias!

We are afraid we shall have to ask our brother, the Editor of the *Glasgow News*, for the name of his solicitor! Speaking of the Registration of Business Names Bill—which, by the way, we were the first to suggest—he says, "Messrs. Dugal Mactavish and John Bull, Ltd., may be in reality Herren Otto Steinberg and Schutenguben." What says Mactavish?

D.V.

Speaking at Chelmsford the other day, the Bishop of that diocese remarked: "If we were going to rely on the *Daily Mail* and JOHN BULL, God help England!" He would.

Separation Allowances.

With the pound worth only 12s., the old Separation Allowance has become a sham. Why should the women want while the men fight?

The Last Chance.

This is the last week readers will have an opportunity of securing one of the specially selected turkeys to be won in connection with our "Bullets" Competition. Send in now or you will be too late.

Be prepared. Sign our free Insurance Coupon page iii. of cover.

The Old Story.

JOHN BULL (Thursday), "Wake up, Balfour"; *Daily Mail* (Friday), "Admiralty Stirred up"; *Express* (Friday), "Asquith and Balfour: Cheering Speeches."

Vivacious "Victoria."

It was rough luck upon Miss Victoria Monks that, having received serious injuries by the carelessness of a "dresser" at the Newcastle Empire, she lost her action for damages because the dresser was not employed by the proprietors. We fancy she will soon be singing a new song—"The Law *Is* 'A Ass.'"

'Twas Ever Thus.

JOHN BULL, November 15th: "Let no German roam at large—either prisoner of war or interned civilian; let them work in batches under the eyes of old soldiers armed with loaded rifles." *Daily Mail*, November 18th: "It is hoped that all the prisoners of war—civil, military and naval—will shortly be employed on works of national importance."

More War Economy.

An illustrated Manchester paper publishes a group photograph of Private T. M. Allen, of Norden, Rochdale, his wife, and six children. Allen fought in the Boer War, was present at Givenchy, La Bassée, Neuve Chappelle, Loos and Vermelles, has been invalided out of the Army so broken as to be unable to follow any employment, and has been officially rewarded for his services, his sufferings, and his sacrifices with a pension of 4s. 8d. a week. There are several nasty remarks we should like to make about this, but if we did, it is a hundred to one the Attorney-General would be so horrified that he would regard it as his painful duty to instruct the Public Prosecutor or somebody equally illustrious to try and get us six months' hard for an attempt to interfere with recruiting.

In a King's Name.

Quite recently a train was timed to leave Cardiff with a number of soldiers for the Front. There were, naturally, mothers, wives, and sweethearts anxious to see their dear ones during every possible moment left to them; but, when the regiment had entered the station, we are informed that the gates were closed, and not one other person was allowed on the platform to say a good-bye—perhaps the last. The story is that strict orders were given to permit nobody on the platform—because King Manoel was travelling by the same train! We must address our strong remonstrance to the railway officials responsible for such an order, for it strikes us as sheer toadyism on their part. We cannot think the young King was cognisant of the facts; we do not accuse him of a heart hard enough to break the hearts of distressed womenfolk. It is the snobs that make such arrangements who should be held up to scorn.

A Family Man.

Some of the single slackers should feel shame when they read the records of married men who are taken. At Liverpool, exemption was refused to a man with eight children, the oldest of whom is only 14. One wiseacre up aloft on the Tribunal had the presumption to ask him whether his wife could not work. As she has three children under 4 years of age, the youngest being only 8 weeks, we imagine the good lady has plenty for her hands to do. It can scarcely pay the country to insist on the services of such a man, although he happens to be willing enough to do his duty if required, because the cost of keeping him, his wife and the children will nearly equal the pay of a brigadier-general. And single men come much cheaper—when they are fetched.

"Proved Wrong."

A Post Office servant objects to our statements that, though official letters inscribed "O.H.M.S." pass through post free, Government employees chuck away public money, not only in stamping them, but in over-stamping them. "We are instructed otherwise," he states; and then proceeds to test his assertion by enclosing his letter in an "O.H.M.S." envelope. "If you have not had to pay 2d. on this epistle," he says, "I shall be surprised, as our instructions will have proved wrong." They *have* proved wrong.

A Prize Pessimist.

Sir Francis Webster made a very gloomy and lachrymose speech to the Arbroath Chamber of Commerce, when he unsuccessfully tried to induce that body, who happened to have more pluck in them, to issue a kind of stop-the-war report, concluding that "the policy of a knock-out was to prolong the miseries of war." Finding his motion not seconded, the aggrieved Sir Francis declared, "I know how optimistic is man, but a pessimist is a man who sees things as they are." That view is quite wrong; a pessimist is a snivelling thing who tries to discourage his own side.

Aked Again.

Back again in America, after his European tour, that notorious renegade, Dr. C. F. Aked, has found an opportunity of relating his experiences for the edification of his Yankee admirers, and in a recent issue of the *New York Times* he warmly espouses the German cause. With amazing impudence he pleads for an understanding between Great Britain and Germany at the expense of Russia, and urges the British Government to agree to a "reasonable" peace. Fortunately for his personal safety, Aked has long ago divested himself of his British citizenship. Some day, no doubt, we shall hear that for his valued services to the Fatherland he has been gazetted an honorary Hun.

"Sentenced to Death."

One of the Glasgow papers has to lament the death of a gifted young cartoonist, Mr. Archie Gilkison. He was called up under the Military Service Act three weeks ago, was passed for service, and joined the Royal Scots. Utterly unfitted for a soldier, he was removed to a hospital, suffering from chill, within a week after joining his regiment at Berwick. A week later he lay dead from pneumonia. The Army authorities are taking thousands of men no better fitted than was Gilkison, and these men will die as he has died, or be thrown on their country so broken and useless that even death would have been a greater mercy. "Anything with arms and legs!" So goes the Order of the Day, and so they pass to their predestined, inevitable doom.

A Screaming Farce.

What the *Enfield Gazette* calls "a screaming farce" has been played out at the local Tribunal, and we heartily endorse our contemporary's phrase. A Conscientious Object—one Bertram J. Webb—directed to find work of national importance, has actually been taken on to help make guns at the Small Arms Factory. He says his wages will be "over £2 3s. a week and overtime"; probably the Object will get about £4 a week, instead of a shilling a day. He said he still held to his conscientious objections, but does not object to making guns, and it was put to him that "he doesn't mind earning big wages, either!" By a majority of one he was granted conditional exemption while employed in gun-making, so the Object will roll in clover, with pockets full of money. He flatly refused to join Volunteers or Special Constabulary, and must be laughing hideous grins in his sleeve at the fool legislation which helps Conscientious cowards to flaunt in the faces of brave men—and pays them to do so.

Our Special Christmas Gift Coupon. See page ii. of cover.

Life's Little Sweetness.

Perhaps it is a good thing that honesty comes natural to most of us and is of hardy growth, for it is a virtue that is not unduly encouraged or rewarded. There is a schoolboy in Sunderland who is learning this lesson. He found a purse and took it into a shop near at hand, where it was claimed by a lady. She opened it, examined and counted the contents, evidently suspecting the boy had stolen something, but she found that everything in the purse—over £7—was lovely. So delighted was she to find her cash intact that she at once, promptly and on the spot, made that boy the handsome present of one entire half-penny. It sweetens life to read these pleasant and gracious things.

Those Travelling Flares.

Just lately we drew the attention of the Midland Railway Company to trains that travel with the flares from the furnace exposed like two searchlights, and on behalf of the inhabitants of certain suburban districts we asked the Company "to take those precautions that seem so absolutely necessary." We find that, as long ago as September, 1915, the people of one road adjacent to the line wrote to the Railway on the same subject, and on the 3rd of that month the General Superintendent replied, "You may rely upon the matter having attention." And, from what we gather, it must still be "having attention," for nothing seems to have been done. Again we suggest to the Midland Company how imperative it is to act—before something happens.

A Mem. for Magistrates.

Generally speaking, the Australian Federal authorities are thoroughly alive to their patriotic duty, and when on rare occasions they are caught napping there is generally somebody handy to pull them up with a jerk. For example, at a New South Wales police-court the other day two unnaturalised Germans appeared as prosecutors in a trumpery case; the Huns had apparently boasted of their nationality—and an explosion of "indecent language" from an angry Britisher had been the result. "I do not desire to be lop-sided, but I have decided to dismiss this case," observed the Presiding Magistrate. "It is a public scandal that the Federal Government allows unnaturalised Germans of military age to work among British subjects." Now, Mr. Hughes!

Caterers and Cooking.

Caterers privileged to feed munitioners should provide good food at fair prices; but there are occasions when the men doubt both the one and the other. At Gretna the doubters builded themselves two kitchens about ten yards distant from their huts, and cooking for themselves, calculate they saved money and got better tuck. But that was, of course, against the interests of the catering firm, Messrs. W. & R. S. Kerr, and we have before us a Notice, to the "men occupying Wyllie's Farm Huts," that no cooking is to be done "in or around the Huts. No cooking utensils must be kept in any of the rooms. Men who wish to do their own cooking must find other accommodation. . . . Offenders ejected." As there is no other "accommodation" whatsoever, this means that the men must go back to the caterer. The majority are married, and must study economy.

Reproduction in miniature of our poster for the issue dated
July 3rd, 1915.

Duty Sadly Done.

It seems to hurt the feelings of some Military Representatives when stark facts compel them to make half-hearted objection to certain favoured appellants. A member of the Gillingham Tribunal pleaded hard for his brother, a young man of 27, single, engaged in the gilt-edged occupation of plumbing. And the Military Representative said that he was sorry to have to do it, but he would have to oppose exemption, because this gay young plumber was the youngest of three before them that day. The youth was allotted two months. In our opinion that Military Representative should have been glad to do his duty in opposing, and he might have done so with vigour instead of an apology. And we hear of more than one person connected with the Gillingham Tribunal who could find more fitting work.

Tall Figures.

Tootsie of Tooting, celebrated in song, was a very knowing young lady, but her neighbours of Tooting Bec must be simple indeed if they swallow the adulterated cat-lap with which they are spoon-fed by tectotal fanatics. Mrs. Bardsley is a lady who held forth at a meeting of All Saints' parishioners, Tooting Bec, on something she called "The Drink Evil," and one of her reported wild and whirling statements was that "8,000,000 tons of sugar are supplied weekly to breweries and distilleries." Then the brewers and distillers must take a deuce of a lot of sugar in their tea, for we are inclined to doubt that they dispose of 416,000,000 tons of sugar annually in the making of beer and spirits. We seem to guess that they were not *All* Saints at that meeting—not on the platform, anyway.

A Mean Crime.

A country postwoman has a husband fighting on the Somme. She does not hear from him as often as she would like, because letters seem to take a long time in getting through; and what she does hear is not always good hearing. One thing he told her was how badly he was off for shirts and socks. For weeks he had had none of the latter articles, and was obliged to tie rags round his feet. His shirt he had worn for two months, before he could get another. In view of the heaps of things sent out, by the Army and by kind helpers, his experience is certainly startling. But, a little later on, he had another startler. For he did get a shirt—by paying 4s. for it. And, when he opened it, he found a sheet of paper sewn inside, bearing a lady's name and address, with best wishes for a lonely soldier!

Of Some Effect.

The man Zeller, naturalised in January, 1914, whom we objected to as hairdresser at the Grand Hotel, Folkestone—an establishment where officers abound—has had his certificate withdrawn by the local Tribunal. The solicitor representing Zeller said the man had "lost his position at the Grand Hotel as the direct result of an article in JOHN BULL, in which, most remarkably, the statements made by Zeller to the Tribunal in private were repeated." The solicitor then read the passages to the Tribunal—we hope to their profit. If we say that we are glad Zeller has left the Hotel, it is not in any spirit of vindictiveness, but we felt that his presence there was a source of possible danger.

Your last chance to win a Turkey. See page 32.

A Patriotic Appeal.

The First New Brighton Cadet Corps of the 4th Batt. Cheshire Regiment has done excellent work turning out officers for the Service. Unfortunately, they have got into financial difficulties, and are compelled to appeal for funds to continue their efforts, which have our commendation. The Chairman of the Corps, Mr. Livingstone Holmes, will be glad to hear from those who have surplus cash, and would help us to win the war.

Seen the Tanks Yet?

According to the Under-Secretary for War, the question of releasing for publication in this country photographs and illustrations of the Tanks is "now under consideration of the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the British Army in France." We do not believe the question is a matter for General Haig at all. Photographs of the Tanks have been taken long ago, and the Censor has allowed them to pass through to America, with the result that we have at this moment before us a copy of the *New York Times*, dated October 17th last, containing an illustration, from a photograph by "U. and U.," headed "First Picture of a British Tank in the Field." That picture has probably been in the hands of the Germhuns for several weeks now; yet the War Office is still wondering whether the British people should be permitted to see an illustration of a modern engine of war which has excited more curiosity than any other in the service of belligerents.

Robbing the Helpless.

Mr. Forster, for the War Office, has admitted the prevalence of robbery from wounded and dead men, and says that the evil is being tackled strongly. The tackling cannot be too strong; a man who thieves under such circumstances could not justify his right to exist on earth. We learn that the culprits are mainly men at the clearing bases who never see the firing line, and whose work could be done by older men. And that fact leads to the natural conclusion that these young single fellows should be sent to fight, and their jobs given to discharged soldiers or old men. Take these figures from a Base Hospital in England —1,670 beds; 427 men in attendance, 310 of them single; yet, when the Commandant asked for volunteers for the firing line, the number of men responding was—0. One patient, robbed of £17 and some treasured trophies, says that he is treated grandly in the hospital, but—"what a game it is to leave wife and child and come thousands of miles to fight, and then to see all these able-bodied young men as orderlies!"

The Policeman's Word.

Magistrates are prone to accept the policeman's word as gospel truth, but even the careful constable is liable to err. There was a summons, at Bury St. Edmunds, for bright head-lights on a motor-car, and two army officers swore those lights had never been on at all. A constable who spoke to the brilliancy of one special light was invited to examine the lamp, and found that the electric bulb was broken, also the wiring in rear of the lamp. But a fine of £3 was imposed, the policeman's word over-ruling that of two officers and also palpable fact. The other case happened at Marlborough Street. A sergeant and a girl sat on the grass in Hyde Park. She got hold of his ring, playfully put it in her pocket, and he tried to get it back. So they were charged with improper conduct, because a policewoman jumped to wrong conclusions, as women will. The sergeant was fined 25s. His word was disregarded, though he knew he was being watched and knew that the police-station was but fifty yards away. The moral is, Don't lark in Hyde Park, or a policewoman may see what doesn't happen.

Official Waste.

Government officialism appears to be restricting other people's supplies of paper in order that it may indulge in prodigal waste itself. We have referred to this matter previously. Before us is a letter from inside a Government department affording evidence of wicked scrapping of expensive paper and printed envelopes for defects so trifling that nobody except a fussy official leaning up against the public cash-box, while his eye is glued to a microscope, would notice. The confidence of our informant has to be respected and protected, otherwise we should publish all the details. What we have said may be sufficient to indicate to His Majesty's Stationery Office that they are attracting our attention.

"Three Seaside Towns."

The Sandgate watchmaker, referred to in our recent paragraph under this heading, takes exception to his inclusion in the category of "single 'sticks'"—the fact being that he is married, with one son, aged 4½ years. He tells us that he has served as a Special Constable since the outbreak of war, and is also a V.T.C. man. We have pleasure in giving publicity to this statement, and regret the error to which he calls attention, but still venture to think that, in view of the fact that married men in their forty-first year—some with as many as eight or nine chidren —are being called up for military service, those with far fewer liabilities and not engaged in work of really national importance should not be exempt.

Flesh and Blood on Offer.

Serfdom is only nominally abolished in England; it exists at Stoke-on-Trent. There is a china manufacturer on the Tribunal; three of his sons are engaged in his business, one being over military age. Of the two younger sons, the Tribunal suggested that one should serve—only one, though both are eligible. Father and big son were asked to withdraw, to decide which of the twain should go—for the big son had said some bitter things, and it was judged best to let him and father make up their minds. When they returned the son "offered the Tribunal a packer, aged 21, and a married man, aged 39, in place of one of the two sons." *Offered*, mark you! The flesh, blood, and bones of two Englishmen "offered" by their employer—their master, their over-lord, or what you will—so that the son of the business might stay home and sleep snug! "Give me my brother as the price of this lot—two able-bodied English chattels—mere workmen! Going, going——!" But not "gone!" for we rejoice to say that the Tribunal claimed one of the two sons instead.

About Burton.

We trod on somebody's corns when we said we were told that Burton was a town where slackers abound. One gentleman, whose courtesy we desire to acknowledge, questions whether any town in England has done better in recruiting. A Burton newspaper, not quite so polite, says our assertion as to slackers is "absolutely without foundation," and adds, "The fact that close on 10,000 males have joined up from the district is ample refutation of a gross libel on the men." Let us at once sweep that red herring off the path—for we never said a word about the *district*. We referred to the *town*, and to the shoals of young men there. They can be seen flocking to business every morning. And these words are taken from a letter read to the Tribunal by its Clerk: "I am a discharged soldier, having been in France—I find there are a good many men working who ought to be wearing khaki. . . . The Tribunal would almost find a battalion hiding behind the screens." The man who wrote that has served, and he sees. To our regret, we are unable to withdraw one word that we said.

Should be in every home "Everywoman's," issued at one penny.

A Hieland Laddie?

They buried a German military prisoner at Inverness the other day, and the hearse was preceded by pipers playing Highland laments. Perhaps it was done to strike terror into a party of the dead prisoner's German comrades, who followed; otherwise, we should like to know what the Highland pipers were lamenting about.

A JOHN BULL Christmas Gift.

Christmas will soon be here—despite the un-Christmaslike atmosphere which seems to surround us. It is, therefore, high time to think of seasonable presents; the best of these—particularly bearing in mind the necessity for war economy—is a JOHN BULL Fountain Pen. On another page our readers will find particulars of an exceptional gift offer, which renders the price of these handsome and useful articles quite nominal.

Here we are Again!

In the Ancoats district, outside Manchester, so a local man tells us, there are certain Italians who are storing-up sugar for next season's ice-cream trade; "some of these people have as much as thirty or forty bags, and supply their most intimate neighbours at exorbitant prices, while the poorer class have to do without any at all." How do these people get the stuff? And what is the Minister for Sugar doing to permit such a selfish and scandalous state of things?

Benevolence in Business.

The generosity displayed to its customers by Harrods, Ltd., is not sufficiently known and appreciated. The firm has a system of Deposit Accounts, and anybody lodging £20 or upwards in prepayment of goods is actually granted, by a benevolent management, as much as one per cent. by way of bonus, "provided each such deposit is made before the preceding one has been exhausted." Now you know what to do with that spare £100. Harrods will give you one per cent. for it.

The Baptist and the Babies.

That disgraceful Baptist Minister, Charles Chaplin—the "baby snatcher," as we called him—who has gone to reflect for 12 months on his crimes in the safe seclusion of a prison cell, was, when arrested, taken to the Okehampton Police Station. When some months ago it was proposed that this station should be built, the chief objector was another Baptist Minister. He opposed on the ground that if drink were abolished there would be no need for police stations. Yet the first case to be investigated at Okehampton was the dirty Charles Chaplin—and he could not even plead drunkenness as an excuse for his filthy crimes.

A Shocking Suggestion.

Having regard to the fact that London is likely to grow darker and darker during the winter, and that "people are sure to be knocked down more frequently," it is suggested by a Balham milkman that "all Police Constables should be served out with a small flask of brandy, to be carried when on duty, for persons having to lay on the pavement in the cold and wet waiting for the ambulance." Certainly not. Such a suggestion would shock every pumpuritan in the land.

More Christian Charity.

"Mr. Horatio Bottomley has been making a fool of himself, as usual." Thus the St. Philip's (Sydenham) Church Magazine, apropos of our recent criticisms of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope—about which, by the way, one does not hear much now. Our reverend critic also says: "It is a pity that our working men and lads read the rubbish we write and do not read high-class literature." Well, we can say that the St. Philip's Magazine may be obtained at the Victoria Works, 21, Kirkdale, Sydenham.

Paper and Sugar.

Among the people who are apparently being allowed not only large but unrestricted supplies of paper are the grocers. "The weight of this package, including the paper wrapper," are the words on a thick cartridge-paper bag in our hands, weighing half-an-ounce, "is one pound." Are the Government never going to stop this imposition? As a correspondent puts it, a poor man stealing a turnip or a potato from a wayside field would be prosecuted, but here is a rich trading company—one of many—who actually steal from the public with impunity many pounds sterling a year by substituting, without blush and without scruple, paper and cardboard for sugar, tea, and other commodities!

Banstead Nurse's Diet.

According to "Members of the Nursing Staff of Banstead Asylum," the other nurses who complained of having to discharge their onerous duties in a chronic state of hunger have "no reasonable cause for grievance or dissatisfaction." "If," they add, "we are not able to deny that on rare occasions the quality of the rations may leave something to be desired, we would remember the increasing prices and decreasing supplies"—and so on. It is pleasant to recognise so charming a willingness to allow for the fact that there is a war on. At the same time, it is evident by their own admissions that something is wrong with the dietery of the nursing staff as a whole, and it is the duty of the Committee to see that it is put right.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Lost Pocket WALLET, containing papers, ANSWERING THE NAME WARDLEY."

"READING STANDARD" (advertisement):—
"Young GIRLS just leaving school WANTED FOR STUFFING."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"It is officially announced that . . . in hot climates ONLY the naval helmet will be worn, and this may be covered with khaki drill when under fire."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—
"Aeroplane Record. . . . After ascending 19,750 feet Lieutenant Guida's BAROMETER registered a TEMPERATURE of 89 degrees below zero."

"EVENING STANDARD":—
"Our Methuselahs: There are men there (the Law Courts) approaching ages ranging between SEVEN SCORE and NINE SCORE YEARS who refuse to retire."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN" (advertisement):—
"WANTED, by young couple, ONE CHILD."

"HEREFORD TIMES" (advertisement):—
"Man requires Lodgings with Board; single bedroom; central; no trouble; ALWAYS OUT."

"FORGET-ME-NOT":—
"'Oh,' she thought, as her nails bit into the palms of her hands, 'how I will make him pay! He has had NO MERCY, and I will have LESS.'"

EXMOUTH URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL (Report of Sanitary Committee):—
"The amount of sunshine for the past 28 days has been 66.3 hours, a DAILY average of 24 HOURS."

"BURTON DAILY MAIL":—
"Private ——, of ——, who was KILLED on January 31st, is NOW HOME ON LEAVE."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

Dear Winston,—I hope you haven't joined the sad company of the Weeping Willies, but there is a gloomy note about your recent speeches which is by no means to my liking. Within an incredibly short space of time you seem to have passed from the zenith of cheery optimism to the very depths of despair. What is the meaning of it all? Who has bewitched you? True, you are rather out in the cold just now—and some of your former friends have yet to learn the meaning of loyalty; but the clouds will pass, and some day, unless I am much mistaken, the sun of popular favour will shine again your way. So cheer up, do!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. A. Henderson, M.P., Pensions Minister.

Dear Mr. Henderson,—I must have fuller information before I can pronounce an opinion upon the new Pensions Bill, but I am glad that you are to handle the scheme, for no one questions your practical sympathy with the rank and file of the splendid armies whose claim upon the nation's gratitude becomes stronger day by day. As you are no doubt aware, I have given my personal pledge to these brave fellows, and to the no less heroic men of the Fleet, that "no case of hardship or injustice . . . shall go unchallenged or unremedied." I mean to see this business through. May I count upon your help? John Bull.

To Mr. James Winstone, President of Welsh Miners' Federation.

Sir,—You took the chair the other day at a "peace" meeting at Cardiff which, I am not surprised to hear, was broken up by a body of angry citizens under the leadership of my patriotic friend Mr. C. B. Stanton, M.P. Thereupon, as I learn from the press, you offered to fight Mr. Stanton, proposing to meet him "in a twelve round contest, with or without the gloves, the proceeds to go to charity." This would have been a capital sporting event and an excellent example to some of your weak-kneed colleagues, but unfortunately you have now backed out of the whole thing, feebly explaining that you "spoke in jest." Aren't you a plucky chap!

John Bull.

To Captain James Wilson, Chaplain to the Australian Forces.

Sir,—I am not a reader of the *Alliance News and Temperance Reformer*, but my attention has been called to the November number by the Secretary to the League of the Man in the Street, who is justly indignant at the report of your speech at the United Kingdom Alliance gathering at Manchester. You make a sweeping charge of drunkenness against our gallant fighting men for which not only you ought to be thoroughly ashamed, but for which you should be held accountable under the Defence of the Realm Act. "We do not want drunkenness in the firing line," you are reported as saying, "but we get it among the Australians, the New Zealanders and the British right up into the firing line, right into the danger zone." That is a gross charge, involving the military from the highest to the lowest. Not long ago a weekly paper was fined £100 for a stupidly jocular picture of a Tommy with a rum-bottle under his arm. What should be *your* punishment? John Bull.

To W. Lunn, Esq., Board of Guardians, Hunslet, near Leeds.

Dear Mr. Guardian,—Let me, in a few words, congratulate you on the result of your outspoken remarks at the Board meeting the other day. Here was the case of a young soldier, discharged from the Army and removed to an asylum. The Guardians are receiving the poor fellow's allowance of 4s. 8d. weekly: the father gets nothing at all, and loses his son—and yet one of the Committees of your Board was proposing to demand from the old man half-a-crown a week for his son's maintenance in the asylum! If the Guardians had agreed to that, it would have been, as you said, an abominable shame. On your motion they did not agree to it, and they did the right thing. I can only express my astonishment that such a proposal should have been made.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Chapel Royal, Savoy.

Sir,—Really I find it hard to understand your mental attitude. You have been favouring a Sunday newspaper with "The Problem of the War Flapper," and you tell with obvious approval, certainly without reprobation, the story of a soldier who, "when he was tempted by 'a fancy piece of goods' hit her 'in the clock,' and when taken up by a police constable said he had not served two years more or less in the trenches to come home to be preyed upon. Whereat the constable remarked that he could not blame him, and that he would look the other way." Yet you conclude your Sunday effusion with the declaration that "the great art of life at the moment is to aim at being a perfect gentleman." Presumably to aim your fist at a poor girl's face is the same thing. But what a fib the whole thing is! You must have often read the beautiful story contained in the Eighth Chapter of the Gospel of St. John. Although, probably, you could repeat with greater fluency than myself that touching account of what happened to the woman taken in sin, I am afraid you have not learned it by *heart*. Nor have you read—or, if read, understood—*Les Miserables*. John Bull.

To R. P. Houston, Esq., M.P.

Dear Mr. Houston,—No one can fail to admire the way in which you tackle the Admiralty for the gross mismanagement in the use of our shipping, which leads to delay and waste and adds immensely to the difficulties of the food problem. I note that you always draw a definite distinction between the Navy and the Admiralty. Our sailors are splendid, aren't they? But the Whitehall officials—well, as the coster said, "there ain't no words" for *them*. I hope, too, you will stick to the question of coloured troops. Why bring native labour to this country to release men for the fighting line and deny our black troops their share of the scrapping? More power to your elbow. John Bull.

To Councillor Spickernell and Alderman Foster, Town Council, Portsmouth.

Dear Ingrates,—You led the way in that peculiarly mean discussion about the Special Constables, whose fine services save Portsmouth about £5,000 a year. Instead of being grateful to a devoted and self-sacrificing body of men, you had the bad taste to object because some of them receive 3s. 6d. when appearing as witnesses. One of you said he had been told that the Specials "were making a very good living out of it," and the other said the fee was a "scandal." As there are 150 of them, and the fees have come to only £43 in two years, it puzzles me to figure out how many are making that good living out of it—while the scandal commences when surly growlers like you kick because a working-man or small shopkeeper is paid 3s. 6d. for his loss of time and expenses. And let me tell you (for if you knew it, you took good care not to say so) that quite a number of the Specials who can afford to do so have declined to draw the payment to which all witnesses are entitled, whether they be Specials or not. Your performance, gentlemen, was remarkably scurvy and nastily narrow-minded, and I am sorry that you should have given way to it.

John Bull.

To Arthur Mee, Esq.

Sir,—I don't often notice people of your size twice in one fortnight, but you are really "the limit" in skilled mendacity. In regard to the Drink Trade, which is the ever-buzzing bee in your old bonnet, you are still at it as hard as ever—besmirching yourself to the eyebrows with every stroke of the pen. "The sane opinion of the patriotic mass of the British people," you tell us, "is that the Control Board is a very wise and cautious step towards better things"—and this is but one, and not the prettiest flower in your precious nosegay of nonsense. A man who can write a "whopper" like that can twist his pen round anything. Oh dear Mee!

John Bull.

ANOTHER "BIG PUSH."

"We have been driven bit by bit against our will. . . ."—(Mr. Runciman on his Food Control Scheme).

THE IDLE APPRENTICE AND THE "HELPING" HAND.

U BOATS CAN BE STOPPED.

SET THE MERCANTILE MARINE ON TO THE SUBMARINES.

BY A. G. HALES.

THE time has come for the country to tell the Government it must either set about fighting the German submarines—or get out. It is no use, in Parliament or out of it, "suggesting" things to the Asquith *coterie;* they must be told, and told plainly, what is the will of the nation. Until they have been whipped into action by public opinion they have done no single thing worth doing since the outbreak of hostilities. Their motto is: "We lead by following"; and they are content, and will remain content, with this inglorious position as long as they can sit like fat men on a fence and draw their salaries and be allowed to pension off, at the rate of thousands per annum, their dear legal brethren and other highly placed parasites. They are patriots who will bleed this country as long as the country will stand bleeding. The country is now face to face with this position: If the Asquith *coterie* remains in power another year, doing as they have done for over two years past, we shall not be able to dictate terms to Germany—*we shall have to make peace on Germany's terms!* It is time some one spoke plainly to the nation, and this is the truth—unpalatable as it may be. It will not be long, at the present rate of ship-sinking, ere the British nation will be unable to play its rôle of supplier-in-chief to the Allies, and at the same time feed its own populace and keep its great armies in France, the Middle-East and Egypt in food, clothing and ammunition. The Germans have sunk an enormous quantity of our shipping, and are adding to the losses day by day at an appalling rate. And now they have a class of submarine that can go into the far-away trade routes and play havoc with our grain and meat ships of large tonnage—and they are going to do it. Nearly two years ago, in these columns, I foretold this, and prophesied the present position of affairs, and have drawn attention to the matter many times since, despite the gibes of journals which are now trying to take credit for warnings they never uttered until quite recently.

How to Make the Government Act.

You—the people—have got to wake up and take your share of the burden. If you do not, you will yet eat of the bread of humiliation—and it will be worse than the black bread the Government has brought you to. You can do it, and do it in a constitutional manner, without clashing with that solemn piece of silliness, the Defence of the Realm Act—which was designed and enacted mainly for the purpose of keeping in power the lawyers who framed it and passed it. Have a house-to-house canvass; then call a great public meeting in each constituency and demand the presence of your Member of Parliament, and in good, plain, old-fashioned English tell the M.P. that it is the will of the nation that war, ruthless, bitter and unceasing, be made on the submarines—now, not six months hence, when hunger stares us in the face in the British Isles; but now! Send the legislators back to St. Stephen's with orders to enforce this view on the Asquith sleep-walkers or turn them out, neck and crop. This will entail a certain amount of work on every man and woman in Great Britain; will you shirk the work? If you do, you must put up with the consequences, and not whine about the result. I notice that the walls of London are being placarded with a statement alleged to have been made by a British Admiral on active service; he is stated to have said that the nation cannot hope for victory until it becomes more religious. I hold no brief against religion—it's a grand thing in its place—but eleventh-hour conversion under the stress of fear was never yet worth a damn to a man or a nation; and this is the eleventh hour. It's the time to fight—not the time to talk of getting down upon one's marrow-bones and praying. Let the women and the children pray whilst the strong men fight—and to the Devil with all this cant and humbug! We are in the biggest fight in history; let us see it through like strong men, and trust to the clemency of Almighty God to pardon us our shortcomings if we have to "go west." I'll gladly make one to pray when the war is over, even for the dead Germans!

Let Us Fight the Submarines Now.

There is no better fighter in the whole world than the British mercantile sailor. It was from their ranks that our greatest Admirals in times past drew those mighty warriors who whipped the world. They are hardy, tough, gallant—and eager for a fight. Don't fool about the age limit with them; they're at their best when the silver is in their hair; weaklings die young in that service—or become missionaries. Set *them* at the submarines; arm every ship, big and little, that flies our flag—arm the ships and arm the men, as we did in the days when pirates swarmed on every trade route, and let us fight the Germans down. And for God's sake—our honour's sake—stop this whimpering about the German tactics! Stop writing "notes" to neutrals; it's our job—let us up and at it like men! They have said that they would sink our merchant vessels, and they have done and are doing it, and will go on doing it. Then let our Government issue letters of marque for privateers, as we did against other pirates, and offer big, tempting rewards—not niggard sums, but cash prizes of splendid value—for every enemy submarine sunk; and we will soon sweep the seas of the pest. It is infamous to send our merchantmen out, unarmed, to be hunted down on the high seas by these German sea-wolves. It is degrading to see our merchantmen surrendering without a blow in self-defence; they wouldn't so surrender if they were armed. Do this, or else strike "Britannia Rules the Waves" out of English literature—for, as things stand at this hour, it is a mockery of the truth. A colossal total of shipping and hundreds of lives gone whilst our lawyers are looking up precedents bearing upon the subject, and black bread is in the offing! Soon it will be no bread—or next to no bread—if you do not do the thing I suggest Come, women of Britain, *you* will be the first to feel the pinch in all its bitterness, for in the home you will hear the little children crying for bread. Now is the time to show what you are made of; get to work, give your man a bed on the floor until he takes an active part in the formation of those meetings in every electorate in this country; you tell us you are a power—prove it now; fight for your children's bread! Those enemies of our country who want a premature and inconclusive peace will say that this is an alarmist article—it is not; and you will soon know it is not if you do not act, and act vigorously! What are the lukewarm members of the Government waiting for? Are they waiting for an insufficiency of tonnage in order to put in a plea for the peace Germany is asking for—a German peace? Are *you* going to remain dumb until it is achieved? The Germans have done more than they threatened to do in the past; they won't do less in the future—and then what will be the good of the splendid victories of our men on the Western front? How are you going to feed the million-and-a-quarter of soldiers in Egypt, and the army in the middle East, whilst they consolidate victories? Here is a rallying cry for you: "Arm every British ship that floats; set the mercantile marine at 'em, whilst our navy watches their navy—and three cheers for our privateers!"

A GOVERNMENT-PAID GERMHUN.

NICE KULTURED OLD GENTLEMAN FOR A COSY INTERNMENT CAMP.

We have waited patiently for some official announcement since Sir Henry Dalziel, M.P., unearthed Professor Ethe, the scholarly old Germhun gentleman employed at the British taxpayers' expense "to compile catalogues of Persian MSS. in the India Office." The Government have had ample time to dispense with his inestimable services. But, as they have done nothing, we are compelled to ask: Are there any more innocent old Germhun gentlemen in the pay of the Government? The truth is seldom got from this Ministry till it is dragged out of them. Here they put up an ex-Under-Secretary to lead the House to believe that Professor Ethe is working gratuitously. "He is not being paid for it," were the words used by Mr. Roberts. There was a simulation of truth about it very near to a lie. It was inartistic unveracity carried to the extreme of incredibility. It is necessary only to try to form a mental picture of a dear old gentleman Hun exercising his learned vocation for the Government free, gratis and for nothing to notice that. "I said he was not being paid now," explained this faithful, scrupulous exponent of official tradition when he was cornered in the House; "of course he will be paid eventually." If Professor Ethe lives, that will be about as certain a thing as anything in life can be. And who is this Professor Ethe? Mr. Roberts was not authorised to tell. If he could have indulged his conscience in a few moments of candour he could have garnished his advocacy of the claims of the Government's dear old Germhun *protégé* with some much more interesting particulars of his career. He could have told the House of Commons that Professor Ethe was in Germhuny when war broke out, and that he promptly returned to this country, where he held a professorship in the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth. For all we know to the contrary, he may be the nicest and kindliest and most inoffensive professor who ever hoched the Kaiser, but we should not accept the fact that he was allowed to leave Germhuny at such a time as evidence of it. Before the war, Professor Ethe visited his Germhun fatherland three months or more every year. Who know him better than the people of Aberystwyth, where he has lived unnaturalised for more than forty years? They would not rest till they were rid of him. Town's meeting after town's meeting was held, and Aberystwyth became so hot that he resigned his professorship at the University on pension, whether at the suggestion of the Governors or on his own initiative we cannot say. Yet here is the fact that, rejected of Aberystwyth by the outraged patriotism of this Welsh community, the Government continue him in their employ. All Germhuns are naturally and properly suspect. Why every time their activities are the subject of indignant protest are the Government so eager to defend them? Why did they hide Professor Ethe? Here was this charming old Germhun scholar going in and out of the India Office, and the Under-Secretary did not even know he was there—he was a secret employee. The Government knew, and they still know, that it is an outrage on public sentiment to employ any Germhun in, or to do work for, any department of the State. You won't find Britons in Germhuny, young or old, employed by the Kaiser's Government. All the British there are under the discipline of lock and key, barbed wire, jack-boot, rifle butt, and bayonet. In Germhuny every Briton is a *Hund* or a *Schwein*—a dog or a pig; all the Germhuns in this country are either kindly old gentlemen or inoffensive young ones, and that is why so many of them are at large. And we are willing to take the view that Professor Ethe is as truly and loyally British as any Germhun can possibly be in a country with which his fellow-countrymen are at war and which they hate with so malignant a spirit that there is no atrocity from which they will to spare it, and no cry of agony in it to which they would not turn deaf ears. Britain is for the Britons. That is at once the reason and the condition of its existence. The right place for kindly old Germhun professors is Germhuny; the wrong place for this rotten Government is Westminster.

HOW SEAMEN SUFFER.

PLAIN RECORD OF A MISERABLE VOYAGE.

Shipowners are making fortunes, but some of them take care that their seamen shall not benefit. Some sailors who took a dredger out to Archangel through foul weather, bravely risking storms and submarines because it was their duty, have sent us what is practically a diary of their accommodation and food on the return journey. It is too long to print in full, but we quote from different days a few passages at hazard. The whole degrading story is alike: "Slept on the between-deck, very damp to say the least. Rained hard and soaked our bedding. No food or coffee on night of arrival. . . . A dish of fish and bad smelling bread. . . . A kit of fish and potatoes, latter not fit to eat. . . . Bed on floor again. About 70 Russians gambling all night. Good fellows but—not cleanly. . . . Kit of fish, rotten. . . . No stoves, or heaters; have to go to bed for warmth. Russian officer took pity on some of our men and gave them a blanket each, for which they were very thankful. . . . Potato hash, each portion short to make it go round. . . . Meat still tainted. . . . Beef in good order for once. . . . Bacon and potatoes in plenty. Quite a treat. . . . Potato hash, tea, no sugar, biscuits and dripping. . . . Meat could not be eaten. . . . Four men short at porridge. . . . Men complaining, but no use. . . . Potato hash, no bread, butter, or sugar. . . . Men lying huddled up for warmth. If a Sanitary Inspector could see us, he would condemn the whole business. . . . Beef taken before our Captain, who owned to its being unfit for human food; was thrown overboard; Captain could do nothing, so therefore biscuits and syrup." That British shipowners should condemn British seamen to exist in such disgraceful, unhealthy, and dangerous conditions is lamentable indeed, for it seems to show that even in these days some owners are careful only of their profits, and entirely careless as to the lives and bodily welfare of the men who serve them.

A TRAGEDY ON WHEELS.

HOW 'BUS CONDUCTORESSES BRING WAR INTO HAPPY HOMES.

Instead of warbling, as in the dear dead days of long ago, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," the 'bus driver's wife now attunes her voice to the pathetic wail, "Oh where, and oh where, does my dear hubby roam? Since the 'bus-girl's been with him, he no longer comes straight home." "I should," says a lady of Goodmayes, "much like to draw the attention of the public to let them see what some of the wives of the drivers of the General Omnibus Company have to endure. Very nice for us as wives to see our husbands as Dick, Tom and Harry to those lady conductors. Also can go upstairs into canteens, and should the buses get strung up late at night, nice for a wife to know he is with a lady conductor—those girls have absolutely the laugh of the wife, inasmuch as they know there isn't a driver's wife among them other than who's husband's at the front. Some men are none too kind to their wives at the best of times—small wonder now this has come about some have left their husbands and others have neglected their homes and gone to work, I being one of them that has gone to work. I have heard of some of the men who have swore they don't care whether they work or not because of their wives telling them off for being late home. I am writing not as a jealous woman but righteous indignation. It would serve all the men right if their wives done a flirtation outside the garages. Now I must bring this short letter to a close, trusting I have helped to uplift someone." The lady is hereby assured that as an effort in a great uplift her cry of grief and woe and righteous indignation droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath, and will be twice bless'd, blessing her that gives and him that quakes. On the facts as stated, it is evident that the 'bus conductress—as well as, presumably, the tram conductress—has much to answer for. What has she to say before sentence is passed upon her?

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.

HOW TEMPORARY CLERKSHIPS ARE BEING FILLED.

By Bernard Bermingham.

I WILL put down the facts as they occurred. This, I think, will be the best way to convince my readers that here is a matter needing public attention.

The facts were simple enough in the beginning. A friend—I will call her Miss Smith—suffered, as many have suffered, through the war. The business in which she was employed dwindled to nothing, and, in spite of her industry, she found herself without means of keeping her mother and herself. She came to me for advice. She wished to obtain clerical work, as she understood that Government offices were taking on many women to replace men who had enlisted.

I was able to put the matter before a friend who is in the Civil Service. He agreed that Miss Smith was right. Many women were coming into the Service to replace men. In his own office there were a number of such opportunities for temporary female labour. He knew of two or three clerkships that must be filled in the next few weeks.

"Very well, then," I said. "Would you mind putting this lady forward? I am quite willing to guarantee she will do the work."

"Canvassing Strictly Forbidden."

But he told me that this was not the way to do the thing at all. Application must be made through the Labour Exchange. He thought Miss Smith might mention that she would like a position in his department, where she understood there were vacancies. But personal recommendation would not help. The authorities had set their face against it. He even showed me a clause in the Labour Exchange form proving that all attempt to bring influential pressure to bear in favour of the applicant would discredit the case.

This, I confess, struck me as being really an admirable ruling. I am in favour of the virtue which discountenances the "hidden hand" and treats each case on its merits. Miss Smith was perfectly willing that her application should be considered in this fashion. She obtained a Labour Exchange form, filled it in, presented it, and waited.

When she had waited a week or so, and nothing had happened, she came to me again. Her case was pressing, and she was anxious. I went to my friend the Civil Servant. My friend was quite sympathetic, but a little bit perturbed. He had hoped that the application would come through, and then he told me that some of the vacancies had already been filled.

"Oh," said I, "the Exchange does do something, then?"

He did not seem so certain. One of the posts had been filled by Mr. ——'s wife. Mr. —— held a high position in his department. His salary was a good one. It had enabled his wife to live in pleasant comfort until now. Conditions could not have changed very much for this family. Yet Mr. ——'s wife was working in the department, earning a good salary in addition to his good salary.

I asked my friend how this fitted in with the doctrine of anti-nepotism, and he agreed that his appreciation of the theory was disturbed. Especially as it was not the only case. Another gentleman had a cousin at work in the building, and he had also come across other cases of feminine relatives appearing in positions curiously ancillary to male relatives.

I suggested that perhaps these cases were, after all, as deserving as that of Miss Smith. He did not agree. In practically every case he has met, the girl lived in comfort and good circumstances. He could not perceive any indication of anything but complete financial solvency. He was not a man led away by the catch-cry that furs, and fine dresses, and silk stockings necessarily mean that women are taking up positions either for the novelty of the experience or because they wished to add to their dress allowance by a little extra pocket-money. All the same, he confessed that the richness of the raiment that had appeared in his department was such as to over-power his original broad-minded outlook. It made him recognise that the women who were taking up the positions had no real need of the salary those positions brought to them. He was inclined to believe that in the mere logic of economics, it would be better to employ women who would thus be able to keep their heads above water, than to employ women to whom the money could bring no additional financial security. And through it all the chief trouble my Civil Servant friend had was the knowledge that, in a way curiously consistent, the vacancies in his office fell to women who had relatives in the office, and not to women who had applied through the usual channels—only.

Still, he had one ray of hope. All the vacancies were not filled. One remained, and it was in his own room. Perhaps Miss Smith would get that, as she had made direct application to go into his department.

My friend also agreed to bring a little tactful pressure to bear. He had not very great influence, and in any case he did not like this method, but he would do his best. Miss Smith began to hope again. Hope almost blossomed to flower when she received a summons to "come up and be interviewed," not by this department, but by a sort of general board. She had a fair business experience, and although she lacked shorthand and typing, she felt that she would be able to hold her own with other girls who apparently also lacked these accomplishments, but had been taken on. The work given to girls in my friend's department is mainly indexing, filing, and the like. No very great capacity needed there. Well, Miss Smith was examined. The examination rather puzzled her. It was all about her father, and whether she had worked in his office (he was dead many years), and whether he thought much of her capacities, and whether her own business was big or little. And whether it paid.

"Through the Usual Channels."

Miss Smith did not get the position. A few days later my friend came to me and told me that his last post had been filled.

"Through the usual channels?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose one must call them usual now," he answered. "The father of the girl who has taken the position is already earning over a thousand pounds a year in a Government office. She has never done any clerical work before. I am sorry for your friend."

"So am I," I said. "What is she going to do? She has to keep herself and her mother, you know, as well as pay the rent of their small flat. How is she going to do that?"

"I don't know," he answered, "unless she marries a Civil Servant. I advise her to do that. Perhaps she will be taken on instead of a man then."

He was bitter, but I have tried not to be bitter. I have just set down the case so that the public might make up its mind about it. There are other cases, undoubtedly, but of this case I know the full facts. And I want to draw the public attention not to fiction, or rumour, or innuendo, but to *facts*. What are we going to make of them?

[*Note.*—I might add that I have just heard that Miss Smith has obtained a position in the Civil Service. And in the *usual way*. That is, she got in touch with a gentleman who could pull wires with a strong hand. He pulled with a very vigorous pull, and she got her job. I hope the Labour Exchanges won't be too shocked, but her plight had become desperate, and they haven't written to her yet.]

Oh! give the old drum stingo, for this darkey's going to sing, O!
In his own sweet native lingo, and I think you'll all agree,
He's a hefty Zulu fellow,
With a basso, full and mellow,
And you ought to hear him bellow
Chairman Juniors ten for three.

To quote the office poet, the "hefty" warrior above does not suffer from dyspepsia or have to worry over things as one has to do here. So it is easy for him to sing and bellow with his basso mellow. Although one does not want to basso, mellowly or otherwise, except at a football match, one does want freedom from worry and to have a feeling of content. And that is possible . . . It is the great boon of tobacco, and is at its best and brightest in Chairman Juniors—ten contents and cigarettes to the packet. Sold at tobacconists and at Canteens everywhere at

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 31.

A BLATANT BLACKAMOOR.

ANCIENT IMPOSTOR'S LATEST MOVE.

It is now nearly a year since we last had occasion to notice that egregious impostor, the Rev. W. Hughes, of the so-called African Institute, at Colwyn Bay, North Wales; but despite our repeated exposures, Hughes bobs up again with irritating persistence, and this time we find him making a desperate bid for a missionary appointment in one of the conquered German colonies—the Cameroons. Readers familiar with the record of this religious mountebank, as recorded in our columns from time to time, will have no hesitation in pronouncing him utterly unfit for any such position, but needs must when the demon of necessity drives; and since we smashed up his precious Institute, where pious niggers were trained as "preachers of the Gospel," in conditions constituting a serious menace to the morals of the neighbourhood, Hughes, as he has himself confessed, has "found it exceedingly difficult to make both ends meet." However, as luck would have it, several of his old "students" are running native churches in the Cameroons; and so Hughes has written—the correspondence has been printed—offering his services as their spiritual director, and inviting the native "Christians" to put up £50 to cover the cost of his removal to the West African Coast. On many grounds we should be disposed to approve the project—we could cordially wish the oily old humbug a good deal farther than the Cameroons. However, at Colwyn Bay the man's character is known and his capacity for mischief limited, whilst from the natives of West Africa he might obtain a measure of confidence which would be good neither for him nor for them. On the whole, perhaps Hughes had better stop where we can see him, leaving his dear and dusky friends in the Cameroons to find their own way to the place where the good niggers go.

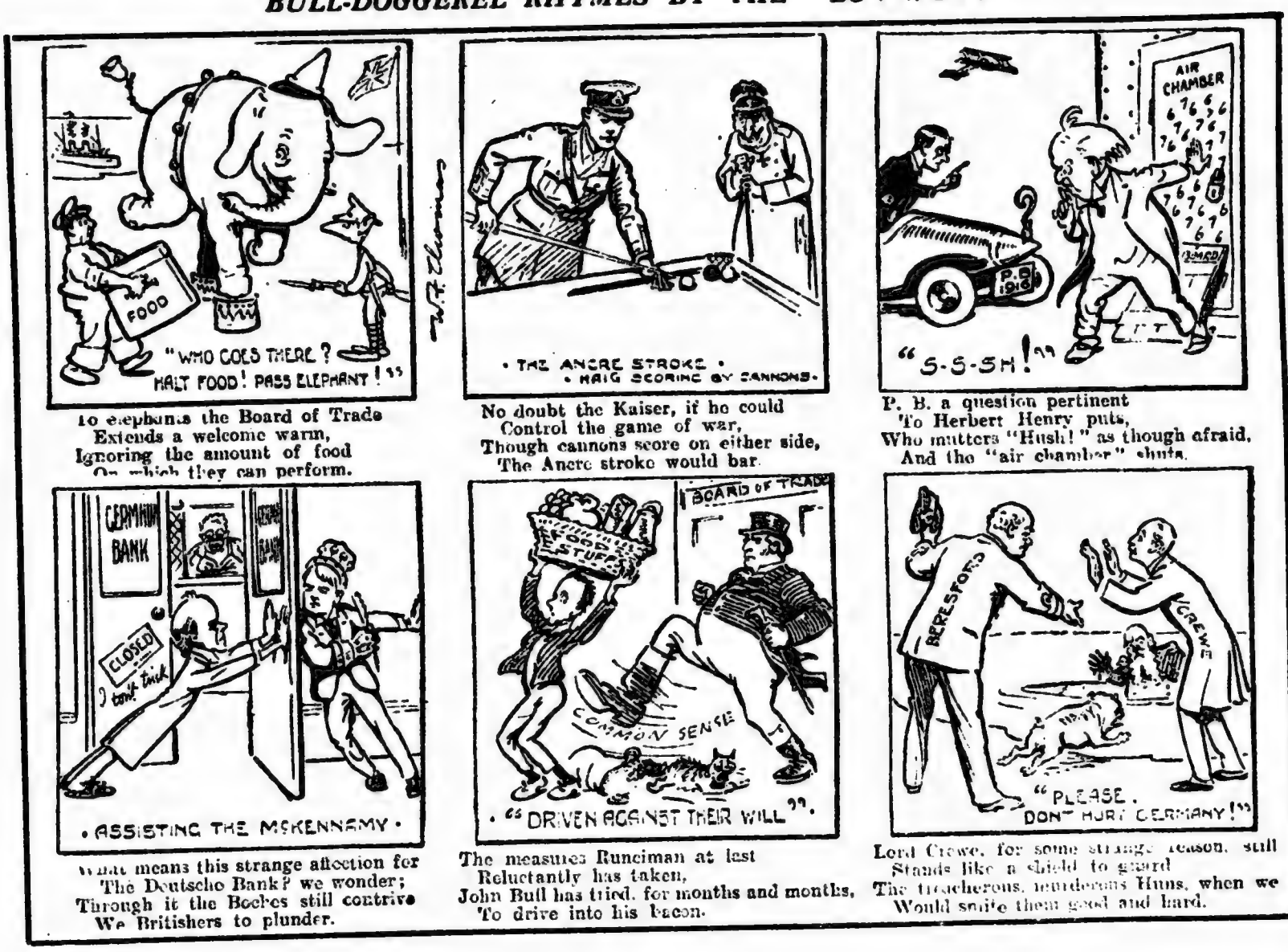
THOSE TRIBUNALS!

DECISIONS BY BIG TRADERS FOR LITTLE ONES.

Our note on the Herne Bay Tribunal has brought us an illuminating letter as to its composition, which is as follows: G. Carsons, J.P., Chairman; G. Blaiklock, J.P., Barrister-at-Law; Cowper Field, Gentleman; F. W. Wacher, J.P., Gentleman; Cooper Wacher, J.P., Gentleman, G. H. Beetensen (Hon. Clerk). Neither tradesmen nor workers are represented. Then another question is brought before us, somewhat late in the day, though we have in general terms previously referred to it; the question as to the presence on Tribunals of men of military age. "On our rural Tribunal," a reader informs us, "we have a man of military age, and it is not pleasant, to say the least, for older men to go before the Tribunal to have their case judged by a man younger than themselves. Eligible men, if not going themselves, should not be allowed to take a part in sending others." According to another reader, a member of the Islington Advisory Committee is a man of military age and without children. "Why," it is asked, "does he not enlist and let a man above the age limit take his place?" In these and other cases there may be, and probably is, an effective answer why they are not in the Army; even so, the one fact that they are of military age, and apparently just as fit for military service as those they send away—often with jocular, sometimes sarcastic, and not unoccasionally insulting remarks—does not tend to confidence in the decisions of Tribunals on which they sit. There are, too, complaints—now growing more and more insistent—that members of Tribunals whose personal interests are in big shops gain for their staff through influence with other members of the Tribunal exemptions while rigorously and callously closing up the little shops which compete with them. We fear that every day is likely to reveal harder and harder cases among the small tradesmen.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



To elephants the Board of Trade
Extends a welcome warm,
Ignoring the amount of food
On which they can perform.

No doubt the Kaiser, if he could
Control the game of war,
Though cannons score on either side,
The Ancre stroke would bar.

P. B. a question pertinent
To Herbert Henry puts,
Who mutters "Hush!" as though afraid,
And the "air chamber" shuts.

What means this strange affection for
The Deutsche Bank? we wonder;
Through it the Boches still contrive
We Britishers to plunder.

The measures Runciman at last
Reluctantly has taken,
John Bull has tried, for months and months,
To drive into his bacon.

Lord Crewe, for some strange reason, still
Stands like a shield to guard
The treacherous, murderous Huns, when we
Would smite them good and hard.

KICKED INTO

PRESSING NEED FOR THE P

By THE EDI

IT looks as though the snail is beginning to move at last. But what a long "last"! Food Minister, restriction of prices, curb on the profiteers, and all that sort of thing, are excellent in their way. But how late! Ministers never move until they are kicked. "We have been driven bit by bit against our will," says the President of the Board of Trade. That is my complaint—"they didn't want to do it," even when Imperial necessity demanded. Months and months ago I urged the Government to appoint a Food Minister; long afterwards the daily press took up the cry. I begged them to realise the grave danger of disheartening the people by denying them food. I pleaded with them to commandeer the land—to use their powers to enforce the growing of wheat and so make certain that the humblest citizen should not want for bread. And now to-day, in the third year of war, they are doing—yet in a half-hearted fashion—what should have been done in the first year. They are still nibbling away at a supreme problem instead of hacking through to a complete solution. Truth to tell, they have been so busy with our beer that they have forgotten our bread and our beef.

A Moral for the Cabinet.

But these are times, I frankly confess, when we are perforce content with small mercies. It is something to know that the creaky, rusty machine of government is moving, that plans and schemes, delayed and belated, are beginning to operate. And there is a moral for Downing Street, a lesson for Whitehall, in these "heroic" decisions of the Cabinet. It is that if they would only understand the people better and trust them more, they would scrap all the vexatious regulations which irritate and annoy and concentrate on the big things that matter—on plans and proposals which really *will* help us to carry on the war with vigour, and quicken the pace for victory. Can't you see how true it is—the events of the past week bear witness to the need—that we want that People's War Council which I have urged upon the Prime Minister with all the earnestness I can command? What is lacking is faith in the Powers that Be. It is useless to disguise the fact that the Coalition have lost the confidence of the nation. When they started on their conglomerate career there was a universal desire to give them all trust and sympathy. We all believed that at last we were to have a Government which was keenly determined to leave nothing undone that would further the cause of the man in the trenches, which would prosecute at home every possible plan to increase our fighting powers and strengthen the machinery of war. Since then, as we know, there has been a melancholy tale of muddle and delay.

In the Right Direction.

Because of the habit of putting off until a far-away to-morrow what should be done to-day, the Coalition have tried our patience, sacrificed our confidence, and, what is worse, have jeopardised our final victory. Well, as I have said, these proposals which have been made with such a flourish of trumpets for the appointment of a Food Minister are a step in the right direction. They are evidence of an eleventh-hour conversion to the need for action. But while I welcome them, I cannot enthuse over them because I am painfully conscious that the risks we are now running, and the hardships which grip the poorer members of the community, might all have been avoided if a little common-sense, and even a small show of determination, had been exhibited many months ago. You remember that impudent excuse which my Lord Haldane put forward in the *Nation* for the inaction of himself and his friends in the days before the war, when the German menace was as real as it is to-day—only then it was veiled, now it is open and unashamed. The ex-Lord Chancellor excused the Government of which he was a member for failing to prepare for the worst because, forsooth, the Democracy—the People of Great Britain—did not make it their business to spur Ministers to activity! Of course he knows why they remained silent—they were lulled into a false sense of security by the dove-like speeches of himself and his colleagues. But tha excuse—mean and contemptible as I hold it to be—won't help the Government to justify their dangerous and criminal delay in dealing with the food problem. Those of us who anticipated the trouble and saw the coming peril did our best to utter the warning note. I, at least, cannot be accused of remaining silent. It needed no great prescience, nothing of the seer or the superman, to visualise the immediate future, or to see the rocks ahead. Yet in their blind self-complacency the men who appoint themselves to rule over us would not listen. And so to-day we find them with panic speech and frantic appeal doing—but only by halves—what they were begged to do as long ago as February, 1915.

What Might Have Been.

It is no part of my business as a public man to indulge in the easy gibe of "I told you so," and I have no desire to enter into competition with writers or journals that are ever ready to take credit for things done by the Government. But it is because from a deep sense of duty I have urged, and shall continue to urge, the necessity of a People's War Council, to act and co-operate with the Government in the crucial months that are before us, that I am tempted to show the pressing urgency of that policy by emphasising the long delay of the Ministers in dealing with a matter of deep public concern. I say, here and now, that if common-sense and national necessity had been allowed to overrule political expediency we should have had a Food Minister in the early months of the war. Think what we should have been spared think of the gross profiteering—grinding down the face of the poor—that could have been prevented; think of the millions that might have been saved and stored up for the business of winning the war, if practical measures had been taken earlier—and taken without reservation and with a full sense of the nation's needs and the nation's willingness to make sacrifices. And then realise what we should have gained in time and in money

...TO ACTION!

...E PEOPLE'S WAR COUNCIL.

...E EDITOR.

if a People's War Council had been in being, able to reflect the true spirit and feelings of the nation—to guard its liberties, and to spur on the Government.

Conditional Optimism.

And let me once more repeat that my optimism in the early days of the war was based on the assumption—was it too much to expect?—that the Government would commandeer every available means to the great end of winning the war. As long ago as February, 1915, I urged that "every factory, every foundry that is not turning out munitions of war must be commandeered. We are fighting for our lives now" (how often do we hear Ministers saying *that* to-day!), "though the Man in the Street will not believe it. We will never stop until our troops march in triumph through Berlin, but we demand a square deal for the men who are fighting. . . . This means a very special effort by British people—but it will be done—*provided every material resource of the nation be utilised.*" Well, you know how long it has taken to bring the Government up to the scratch. Read this also of February, 1915: "We must make sacrifices and make them gladly, and our great landowners must come to our help. The Government must commandeer every acre of available land. . . . We are no Vandals—we love the ancestral homes of Britain but if necessary the nobleman, wherever practicable, must plough his park. The millionaire must put his shooting under the plough; the man who fights must be sure of food for his wife and his child. The squire and the parson must give broad acres to the needs of Britain. *And we must not any longer be dependent upon foreign countries for our food.*"

The Root of the Problem.

You know what has happened. That was written more than 20 months ago, and even now the plans of the Government do not go to the root of the matter—Party feeling and petty economics still stand in the way. A practical scheme, guaranteeing to the farmer a fair price for his crops, was put forward. But it never reached fulfilment. And to-day we see the appointment of a Food Minister, who has no real power to do the one thing necessary to ensure the food of the People. "We must be in a position to laugh at the enemy's machinations, even though he succeed for a time in blockading our ports," I said. To what extent he has succeeded since those words were written I am not going to say—although I know. But what I will say is this, that even by purchases of wheat from Australasia and from India, from Canada and from the United States, we cannot get the security which an immense increase in home crops would afford. Yet still we waste precious time. Imagine the position we should be in to-day if that advice given in the early spring of last year had been acted upon! Can you, then, wonder that I again urge, and urge with all my power, the formation of a People's War Council, made up of men free from the creeping sickness of Party, men blessed with business minds and common-sense, who would help Ministers to see this war from the nation's point of view, and co-operate with them in devising the real means for its victorious prosecution?

Our Appeal of July, 1915.

As I have said, it needed no great statesmanship to see the dangers ahead. In July, 1915, I made that earnest appeal to the Government to appoint a Minister of Food. The Government had just appointed another of those Committees designed to avoid taking action and to shelve what they were pleased to regard as a difficult problem. In the practical affairs of life difficulties are made only to be overcome; in politics difficulties make Committees. We were not blind to the political game. The business of the Committee was "to consider and report what steps should be taken for the sole purpose of maintaining and, if possible, increasing the present production of food in England and Wales on the assumption that the war may be prolonged beyond the harvest of 1916." That Committee went to an infinity of labour to do its duty. But nothing practical resulted because its proposals rode rough-shod over the tender corns of Party economics. It is a shame and a scandal that a great national necessity like the food of the people should be endangered because one half the gentlemen who sit round the Cabinet table hold one set of economic theories and the rest another. Scrap all theories, to Hades with your schools of economics, your copy-book rules! Our men must be fed that they may the better fight. We must live to work, to keep the old country in big and good heart, to provide the money and the material for war. Lose the war, starve the people, but don't touch our Free Trade Conventions! That is why, in November, 1916, we find the Government beginning to do its duty. I have before me our poster: "Wanted—A Minister of Food." And now we are to have one. *But who shall he be? That* is the vital question. A mere appointment won't help matters—a miserable reshuffling of offices in the Cabinet will be useless. At the time of writing I do not know who is to fill the post, but I echo the words of Sir Edward Carson—"Let him be a Dictator." And he must be backed up with powers to encourage, and enforce by legitimate offers to the farmer, the home growing of wheat, and cattle, on a colossally increased scale.

The People's War Council.

But whilst we are prepared to welcome such an official, we are *not* prepared to be hedged round with regulations and vexations that pander to the bureaucratic spirit without producing any real advantage. A People's War Council would not only bring new life and energy into your Cabinet, Mr. Asquith, for the prosecution of the war. It would stand also for the protection of the citizen—it would be the buffer between the bureaucrats and the nation. And while for the war it would be a vivifier—a tonic to you and your Ministers, a safeguard of public rights and liberties—it would play also a part not less gravely important in keeping in check that undercurrent of restlessness and suspicion which only they who are wilfully blind do not see. For the second time I urge you to think it over.

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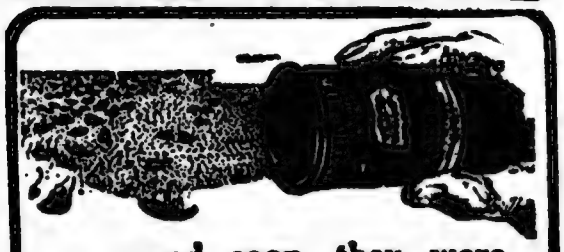

—and soon they were speeding to cover—simply falling over each other.

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ANOTHER DANGER ZONE.

GRAVE DISORDER IN SOUTH AFRICA.—AN IMMINENT PERIL.

Those who remember our timely warnings in regard to the Irish situation will readily grasp the significance of our present assertion that "All is not well in South Africa." Unfortunately, the "ostrich" policy is strongly entrenched in Fleet Street, and the average newspaper reader at home has few opportunities of acquainting himself with South African conditions. Yet the facts are not difficult to grasp. The crux of the situation is to be found in the activities of the Nationalist Party headed by General Hertzog—a reckless firebrand who, if he had had his deserts, would have shared with De Wet and other Boer leaders the responsibility for the rebel movement. The Nationalist Party is not for an instant to be confused with the loyal South African Party under the leadership of General Botha. The Hertzog Party in South Africa has many features in common with the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, including an embittered hatred of the British connection and a reckless disregard of Imperial interests. Straws indicate the direction of the current. For example, it is reported that at several centres in the Transvaal meetings of Boer farmers have lately been held under Nationalist auspices, and resolutions passed pledging those present to purchase their agricultural implements only from German firms. It is hard to imagine a more flagrant expression of hostility to the British cause, and while it may be inopportune to extend the provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act in their entirety to South Africa, it is to be hoped that the Botha Government may find means of checking a movement so closely akin to treason. Equally revolting, if of less intrinsic importance, is an episode reported from Natal, where a party of Dutch senior scholars from the Orange Free State were recently invited to inspect the Government works and shipping at Durban. The young people—the average age of the visitors was 17—had enjoyed the hospitality of the British population, being treated with every courtesy; yet when, in the course of their tour, they accidentally encountered a detachment of Australians in khaki, the King's uniform was grossly insulted, the soldiers being actually hissed by some of the Dutch boys. We have no wish to magnify such incidents; but we may at least be allowed to say that they certainly ought not to be possible in a British Dominion. That such manifestations are due in the main to the activities of the Hertzog faction there is little doubt among British South Africans, and none in our own minds. Not long ago the Annual Congress of the Nationalist Party of the Orange Free State was held at Bloemfontein, under the presidency of General Hertzog, the proceedings, it is curious to note, being "opened with prayer" by the Rev. Mr. Kruger. There was a large attendance and a full agenda, and it is scarcely too much to say that any one of the speeches delivered by the delegates would have rendered its author liable to prosecution under the Defence of the Realm Act had it been uttered beyond the confines of the Union. It will be argued, no doubt, that in such circumstances a little latitude of speech is desirable, that it is a useful safety-valve for seditious sentiments, and a "lesser evil" than might otherwise result. We are familiar with the argument, and in Ireland we have witnessed its tragic refutation. Are we heading for a second Rebellion in South Africa, or will the Botha Government be warned in time?

"WHO SHOT THE DOG?"

Colonel Joseph Sunderland must be a nice man. When the Herefords were manœuvring over ground belonging to him, he complained to Private Horne, who was carrying under his arm a small terrier, the regimental mascot, that the dog had been after his rabbits, and he ordered Horne to put it on the ground. Horne denied it, and refused to put the dog down, whereupon that officer and gentleman tried to throw him. Horne then placed the dog on the ground, and the gallant and distinguished Colonel fired at the poor little mascot, killing it instantly. Having accomplished that brave and joyous feat of arms, the noble warrior strode away, with the courteous remark, "You are a —— lot of liars." He had to appear before his brother Magistrates at Bedford, who fined him £2 and 12s. costs for the assault. For the murder of the terrier he is only punishable by general indignation at so wantonly cruel an act. We have said Colonel Joseph Sunderland must be a nice man. To which we add, Yes, we do *not* think

ON THEIR DIGNITY.

A Picture Palace at Darlington was desirous of giving a Sunday show to provide comforts for men of the Darlington Heavy Battery, now at the front. The Manager guaranteed to apply every penny to the purpose indicated, and to allow an independent person to check the takings. When the Magistrates were asked for permission they jibbed, because they wanted to be quite sure that the Battery desired the performance and the comforts. But their dignity was most upset because the show had been announced before their worshipful permission had been begged for and obtained. "The Chairman said he would never grant permission where announcements had previously been made." "Never" is a big word, and the Chairman may change his mind. A permit should be given as a matter of course where guarantees are forthcoming; to deprive Darlington's soldier lads of their comforts because the Magistrates choose to feel hurt is inconsiderate tomfoolery.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY.

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY.

The story of the Dunlop Rubber Company reads almost like a romance of the Arabian Nights. It is difficult for an ordinary mind to grasp the huge extent of its ramifications, the plantations, the rubber and cotton mills, depots at home and abroad, and the huge mass of agents who form the selling force of the concern.

It is perhaps unnecessary to recall the fact that the Dunlop Rubber Company founded the pneumatic tyre industry, and to all intents and purposes the cycle and the motor trade owe their present position and prosperity to the inventor of the Dunlop tyre. That is to say, that the millions of cyclists in Great Britain, the hundreds of thousands of motorists and motor cyclists directly rely for their comfort and enjoyment on Dunlop tyres.

The name Dunlop rubber is a hall-mark of excellence. It implies rubber which in the state that it reaches the factory from the plantations is the best and most suited to the particular purpose to which it is applied of any that can be purchased in the open market, and indeed any which can be obtained by other manufacturers. Incidentally its costs to the manufacturer is less, which may be explained by the enormous output that is obtained from the Dunlop Rubber Estates, which is the third largest European-owned rubber estate in the world.

In the manufacture of rubber, standardisation is one of the chief essentials, and standardisation has for a long time past been the principal aim of all plantation owners. Up to the present, however, this has not been achieved on any other estate to the same extent as the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., who, moreover, prepare all their rubber by one uniform method, which gives them a unique advantage over the rest of the trade. Rival manufacturers attempt to standardise rubber by specifying the products of certain plantations, owing to the fact that they find, by experience, that by this means they can know with some degree of certainty how that particular rubber will behave during the process of vulcanisation. It is obvious, however, that the only way of reducing variations in product to a minimum is by a tyre company owning its own rubber estates, as is the case with the Dunlop Rubber Company.

The financial record of the Dunlop Rubber Company is that of progressive and phenomenal success. The Company has actually distributed increased dividends since the war began, and its profits for the year ended August 31st, 1915, amounted to the colossal sum of £435,050 9s. 4d., and it is anticipated that the profits for the year ended August 31st, 1916, will exceed those shown in any previous balance-sheet of the company. It has a reserve fund of £800,000, in addition to its other enormous assets in the way of stock, buildings, and goodwill, so that its position is one of unique strength.

To-morrow, Thursday, the public will have an opportunity of subscribing to an issue of £1,000,000 6½ per cent. "B" Preference shares in this famous company, the object of the issue being fully explained in the circular recently issued to the shareholders.

The proceeds of the issue will be used mainly for the purpose of providing—

(1) Increased stocks of raw materials and manufactured goods to the value of approximately £750,000, necessitated by the continued expansion of the company's trade at home and abroad.

(2) Additional working capital to finance the manufacture and sale of solid motor tyres for transport purposes. This new branch of trade, which it is believed will become as important as that of the pneumatic motor tyre business, has, under the impetus of the war, developed with much greater rapidity than the directors anticipated.

The directors report that—

The sales for the past year were the greatest in the history of the company, although no increase has been made since the outbreak of war in the selling price of the company's goods.

The business of the associated companies continues to show great progress.

The planted area of the company's rubber estates has been very substantially increased.

The option to purchase mills for the production of the company's own supplies of cotton has been exercised on terms advantageous to the company.

The erection of the New Dunlop Rubber Mills at Bromford is now approaching completion.

Preferential consideration will be given to applications from Shareholders and French Income Stockholders of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., and Shareholders of the Parent Tyre Company, Ltd.

Vitality

THE future of the nation depends on the sustained and determined effort of every single unit—man or woman. We must maintain the highest standard of vitality if we mean to win.

From the worker at home, no less than from the soldier abroad, the utmost energy is demanded. The wife or mother, worried by anxiety, the woman in the factory, harassed by overwork, all need the help to keep on and endure. Hall's Wine gives the aid which these strenuous times demand.

By enriching and vitalising the blood, Hall's Wine gives new vigour to the system—by increasing its vitality—strengthens the weak, encourages the overworked, helps the nerve-worn and over-wrought, and gives all the power needed to endure. Countless workers in every grade of life have proved its great tonic value.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

"I was in a serious state of nerves and weakness, my case seemed hopeless. After one wineglassful of Hall's Wine, I felt my strength returning, and am now fit to return to work."—*Letter on file.*

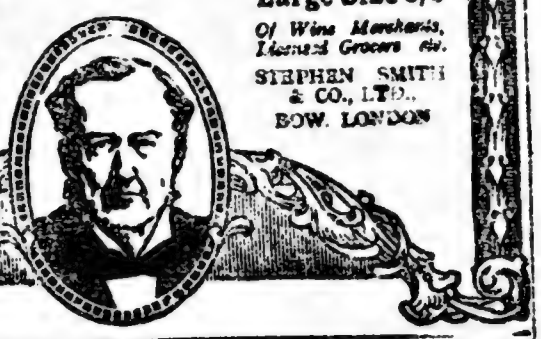
Our Guarantee

Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half you feel no benefit, return us the half-empty bottle and we refund outlay.

Large Size 3/9

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers etc.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON



FOR WOMEN WHO SUFFER

FROM

HEADACHES—BILIOUSNESS—CONSTIPATION.

For women who suffer from those ills which follow when the digestive organs have lost their tone and strength—for the many women who find their household or other duties a burden, because of indigestion, headaches, dizziness, biliousness, constipation, or the like, the most helpful advice that can be given is:—Restore your stomach, liver and bowels to regular, thorough working order, and these results of digestive disorder will pass away *naturally*.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The experience of thousands testifies to the fact that no other remedy so quickly or so surely restores tone and vigour to the digestive organs as the stomach and liver tonic, Mother Seigel's Syrup. The medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup act directly, but gently, upon these organs, restoring their tone and activity so that they can do the work required of them, regularly and efficiently. During the past fifty years Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved a real friend to hundreds of thousands of men and women who have suffered from stomach and liver troubles, and because women are more liable to such troubles than men, it is particularly *their* friend! Test it for yourself to-day!

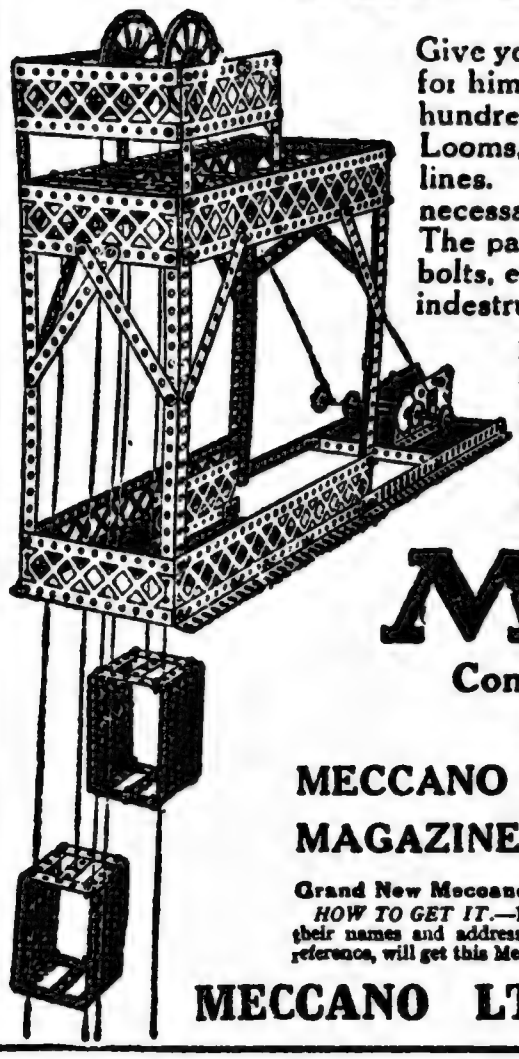
IS RECOMMENDED

BY THOUSANDS OF FORMER SUFFERERS.

Prices, 1s. 3d. and (treble size) 2s. 9d.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 31.

The Engineering Way



Give your boy Meccano—then he can make some real fun for himself by building this beautiful Pit-Head Gear, and hundreds of other models, Cranes, Bridges, Towers, Looms, Clocks, Motor Cars, all on correct engineering lines. Each Meccano outfit is complete with everything necessary for building, and there is nothing further to buy. The parts include strips, wheels, girders, plates, nuts and bolts, etc., all beautifully finished, interchangeable, and indestructible.

Each model can be taken to pieces and the same parts used for building any of the 326 different models shown in the copyright Manual of Instructions which goes free with every outfit. The Meccano patented parts are so designed that by simply following the clear instructions in the Manual any boy can build models *without study*. These parts also enable him to invent new models.

MECCANO

Complete Outfits from 3/9 to 115/-.

WARNING.—If your outfit does not bear the Trade-mark word "Meccano," it is not Meccano.

MECCANO MAGAZINE FREE

This is a fine new Magazine with scores of interesting facts about Meccano—hints as to building the best kind of models—descriptions and pictures of new models which won prizes in our last big Contest. Get this bright Magazine and learn all about the

Grand New Meccano £200 Prize Competition, in which the first prize is £50 in cash.

HOW TO GET IT.—Every boy who shows three chums this advertisement, and then sends us their names and addresses on a card with his own and "No. ——" opposite his own name for reference, will get this Meccano Magazine by return of post.

MECCANO LTD.— Binns Road — LIVERPOOL.

Could Hardly Drag About.

Splendid Cure of Nervous Indigestion.

Mrs. Westwood, of 55, Brewery Street, Handsworth, Birmingham, says: "I had no appetite at all, and I was so weak that sometimes I could hardly drag about. Headaches troubled me incessantly. I had them for days in succession, and they were a bit worse than any ordinary headaches. Another thing was sleeplessness, and I was dreadfully nervous, too. I just wanted to shut myself in and be alone. I had no heart for anything, and felt as weak as a child.

"But at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and that was the beginning of new life for me. I brightened up almost at once, and every day found me stronger and better. It was quite wonderful how rapidly I grew well, and now I can say my health is better than it has been for years."

Mrs. Westwood.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
Nervous Debility	Indigestion	Premature Decay
Brain Fag	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1/-, 1/3 *and* 3/- *—the* 3/- *size being the most economical.*

FREE BOX sent on receipt of name and address and two penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box D R.21), Chester Road, Manchester.

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 31

THE REWARD OF THRIFT.

SOLDIER'S WIFE'S UNHAPPY DILEMMA.

A Lancashire woman, the wife of a soldier, relates a chapter of accidents which also reads like a catalogue of follies on the part of the powers that be. Earlier in the war, moved by the Government exhortations to thrift, she purchased twenty War Savings Certificates, part in her own name, and the remainder in that of her daughter by a previous marriage, a child of 14. At this time she was living at Manchester, but afterwards her husband was sent into training in the South of England, and the good woman, not unnaturally, thought it would be nice to take lodgings in the same neighbourhood until her husband should be sent to the Front. To meet this exceptional expense, it was necessary to encroach a little upon her savings, and she therefore filled up the necessary forms for the withdrawal of part of the money. The authorities, however, made all sorts of difficulties in the matter. First, it was suggested that the depositor had signed both her own name and her daughter's in her own handwriting, a complaint which, in point of fact, was quite unfounded, there being an easily recognisable distinction between the two signatures. There were further needless delays; and, finally, the affair was hung up indefinitely on the ostensible ground that it was "necessary to make some inquiry respecting the War Savings Certificates in question." On the strength of her savings, she had incurred liability for the rent of rooms. No remittance arriving, her position was a most difficult one; and, finally, she was induced to apply to the local branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association for a loan of £5, to enable her to get back to Manchester, her Army allowance being obviously unequal to the expense of lodgings away from home. Once more, however, disappointment awaited her, for although the applicant offered to leave her War Savings Certificates as security, the Hon. Secretary of the S.S.F.A. declined to advance a penny for the purpose named, on the ground, apparently, that the applicant, though otherwise entitled to assistance, was not permanently resident in the locality. While little sympathy will be felt with this attitude, obviously the handling by the Post Office authorities of these small War Savings matters leaves a lot to be desired.

BILKING THE COLONIALS.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF OVERSEAS FIGHTERS.

From a Canadian trooper, lately on leave in London, we have received a complaint which, in the interests of honest dealing, demands a word of comment. It seems that, in the course of his furlough, our friend called at a shop in the neighbourhood of Tooting Broadway, S.W., to make a simple purchase, the rest of the story being thus detailed in the course of his letter to us:—

> My wants could not be met from stock, so I agreed to leave a sum sufficient to cover cost of goods and postage after the articles required had been procured for me by the firm. Nothing more ever was heard of the transaction from their end; and, although I have written three times requesting them to send me the specific articles or their equivalent in stamps, I have failed so far to elicit any acknowledgment.

"Precisely the same kind of thing," adds our correspondent, "has since happened elsewhere in regard to a book I ordered by post, prepaid"—and, indeed, from our own observation we are able to say that incidents of this kind have been far too common since the outbreak of war. In some instances the meanest frauds have been practised upon soldiers from the Dominions, who, not unnaturally, have been moved to angry disgust by treatment so violently opposed to all they have been taught to expect. Before the war, overseas visitors were occasionally treated in this scurvy fashion, but it might surely have been thought that, in these solemn times, the King's uniform would command a square deal. In this matter a few unscrupulous dealers are bringing discredit upon honest tradesmen, and offering a gross affront to loyal sons of the Empire, who have travelled the width of the world to fight for the good old Flag. Before the war—and even now—practitioners of swindles which have become too well known in the United Kingdom for the homeland to be a profitable field for their operations, have "favoured" the Colonies with their attentions. Thus, our old acquaintances the "lucky-stone" humbugs have been flooding the kraals of South Africa with their "wonderful stories," whilst the watch-tricksters' circular letters to their "dear friends" would apparently easily pave India's coral strand.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE YOURSELF ON THE CINEMA SCREEN?

IF so (and who is not desirous?), a splendid opportunity is about to be offered. In connection with the forthcoming great film serial,

THE LAUGHING MASK,

Messrs Pathé Frères have decided to organise a competition for the benefit of those who are desirous of seeing themselves on the screen.

JUST think what an opportunity is yours. Instead of waiting and hoping for years, the chance of being filmed is being offered you to-day.
Film stars are being discovered every day—why should you not be one of them?

Ask at your favourite Cinema for particulars, or write Pathé Frères Cinema Ltd, 84, Wardour St., London, W.

The Laughing Mask.

When writing, please mention this paper.

BODY VERMIN THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made vermin-free and vermin-proof in a few minutes and at a trifling cost—thanks to the marvellous destructive power of the new parasite destroyer,

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body vermin and parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and oathsome pests the bane of the soldier's existence. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Far more cleanly and pleasant to use as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says:—"Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. . . . It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the underclothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in Camp."

Every Soldier should have a Stick.

Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots—or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by the

Sole Makers,

HEPPELL & CO., 164, Piccadilly, W.

KHAKI HANDKERCHIEFS

for the troops—a useful present.

Hemstitched 20 ins. 3/6 per doz.
" 24 " 4/6 " "

Post Free. **E. HAMLETT & CO., 35, Jewry Street, E.C.** Telephone 8015 London Wall.

THEY ALL WANT

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

No wonder, for millions of enthusiastic users have made millions of others "wish" they, too, possessed this world's most perfect pen.

Give the genuine

Regular Type 10/6 and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling and Safety Types 15/- and upwards.

Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet Free from:

L. G. SLOAN,
The Pen Corner
Kingsway, London.

IMITATION CORK LINO

Cheaply produced poor quality floor coverings, sold with an eye to profit rather than to future good service, cannot give full satisfaction. Catling's Cork Lino—the original Cork Lino—costs more to make but gives complete satisfaction because it wears longer than others, doesn't need scrubbing, and thus saves not only the housewife from backache, but the Lino colours from destruction. Patterns, etc., prove this. Write now for them.

CATES'S, Ltd. (Dept. 19).
Tottenham Court-rd., London, W.

THE UNWANTED COMMERCIAL.

A LAMENT FOR THE PAST AND A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

By Norman Tiptaft.

I spent fourteen years of my life "on the road." I have seen the commercial traveller under all conditions. I know him sober and drunk—the latter, be it said, far more rarely than M.P.s, churchwardens and other respectable citizens—gay and sorry, enthusiastic and bored, in good trade and bad, rain and shine, prosperity and adversity; and, all in all, he is one of the best fellows a body need wish to meet.

And now, at various Tribunals, he has been told that he is not necessary; that he is a luxury; that the business world can do without him. He has been told it by men—and women—of something less than half his intelligence, of infinitely less value to the State than himself, but who—because in many cases they belong to the "leisured classes," because they had nothing to occupy their time, because they happened to be on the spot while he was travelling anywhere from John o' Groats to Land's End, booking his orders, keeping things going, helping to foot the bill; because we always do allow that sort of person to be a ruler over us—are sitting in judgment on better men than themselves.

In that beautifully organised world of the future—where everything will run by machinery, where manufacture and distribution will be controlled in vast national departments, where output will be regulated for years ahead by a small committee of scientific business men, who will know almost exactly the number of births and deaths that will occur, the requirements and production of each individual, the average of accidents such as fires and storms, and who will be able to regulate everything accordingly—there is a chance that the commercial traveller may, in his present form, disappear—though even then in some shape, such as an inspector of distribution or even on the committee itself, he will probably be needed; but to-day, in a world disorganised even more than usual, he is an absolutely necessary part of the mechanism.

Selling is still more important than speech-making. Trade is more vital than theories. We need to keep the business going and pay the national bill, far more than we need some of the "indispensables" of Whitehall and Westminster. The mandarins think otherwise; the traveller must go.

The Changed Scene.

I enter a well-known commercial house in the North. Two years ago, you had to write a week ahead for a room. To-day, it is little more than half full—and what visitors! The merry band who used to make the commercial room ring with their laughter would have shocked any Tribunal with their command of the English language could they only have heard it. There were a few of the old school left—men well past the military age; but the visitors were mainly army officers—and women. Women in the smoke room, women in the commercial room—that sanctum sanctorum where none but the elect might enter. It is enough to turn one's hair grey. I see the Boots. Well past military age (he has been at the hotel for thirty years), he wears an air of profound gloom, instead of the smile with which he used to welcome the regular visitor. I know that he has two sons in France, and attribute his look to anxiety on their behalf. Not at all. They are well and cheerful. It is not that that troubles him. The glory has departed from the commercial room.

"They tell me, Pearson," I say, "that the Commercial Traveller is a luxury, that he is not wanted now that we are at war." "And they are——liars," says Pearson. "Of course, we want them. How's this hotel going on, I'd like to know? How's the trade of the country to be kept up? How's Pearson to get his living?"

"But," I interrupt, "there are others. There are soldiers, ladies, parsons——"

"Twopence a day, and some of 'em not that. I carried two big trunks up to the third floor for an officer the other day. He stayed a week. I carried them down again for him (the lift's been broken a month, and as we're not on munitions we can't get it mended), and he gave me 6d. That was not so bad as the old woman who had a parrot, half a van of furniture, and three Pomeranian pups. She stayed two months, and when she left gave me 2d. and an appeal to invest all my savings in the War Loan. Don't want commercial travellers! I'd like to break the fellow's——jaw who said it!"

A Practical Suggestion.

The hotels may not, from a national point of view, be of great importance; the business of the various retail stores may be done somehow or other without representatives calling with samples, though that would apparently involve the buyer going from an already short staff to see the wholesale house, since there are some lines it is absolutely impossible to sell from catalogue. Certainly, there is no labour saved if a dozen buyers, say from Leeds, have to visit London because one Commercial Traveller has had to go. The main point, however, is whether the nation gains by transforming the specialist in distribution into the type at war. If, for example, the petrol problem is really more one of distribution than supply (as it is), one would think the commercial traveller might be very usefully employed to solve it. Certainly the man who has been getting goods delivered—at market prices—all his life might with advantage replace some of the civil servants in the big contract departments of the Government. Of what avail? We are governed by those to whom trade is an offence, and who know the Commercial only as a parasite on the national industry, and easily dispensable in time of war.

The Senior Service on

"MURATTI" "CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

The Patrol-Boat's Skipper.

10 for 4d.

Obtainable from all high class tobacconists or from Muratti's Ltd., West End Depot, 28, Piccadilly, London, W.

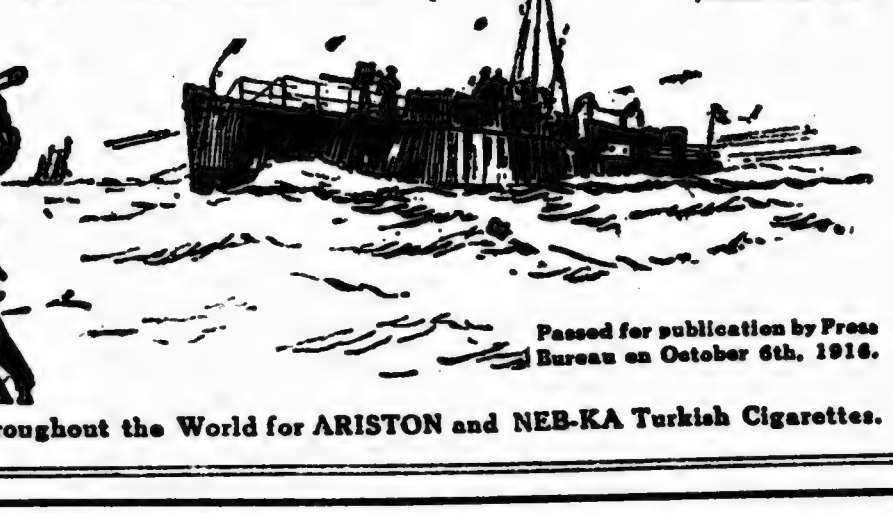
"WELL, yes. . . . . there ARE quiet times—especially in unfrequented waters. It's ticklish work, boarding and searching a strange craft with a small party. You never know what she may turn out to be . . . . Thanks, I WILL! . . . . By Jove! they're 'Classics'! What luck!—my own brand . . . . only waiting for shore-leave to lay in another supply. Nothing like 'em!"

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth smoking and curious to the last whiff

On Sale everywhere

100	50	20	10
8,4	1/8	8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box



Passed for publication by Press Bureau on October 6th, 1916.

Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the World for ARISTON and NEB-KA Turkish Cigarettes.

THE EVERYDAY MILK

"IDEAL" is just the richest cows' milk concentrated till it is as thick as cream. Only the excess moisture is removed—nothing is added. Guaranteed absolutely pure—no sugar—no preservative.

IDEAL MILK

Diluted—for every purpose of fresh milk; undiluted—for every purpose of fresh cream except "IT WON'T WHIP."

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price 7½d. and 4d. per tin.

HEALTH IN AUTUMN.

The wise man attends to health; he is interested in its problems, earnestly desires it, and does those things which gain and preserve it. When Nature fails he seeks the aid of science. For troublesome minor ailments, science provides nothing better than

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS.

Being written in plain English, they practically speak for themselves. Look carefully through the list, note your needs and order accordingly.

HUSKINESS, SORE NOSE, THROAT AND CHEST, TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST, COUGH. (Formula 331.) (Nasal, Bronchial, and Intestinal Catarrh.)
Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, Liquorice Extract, Aniseed Oil, Pine Wood Tar, Creosote.
In pills. With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (50) and 1s. 11d. (100).

RASH, PUSTULAR ERUPTIONS, HARD OR SOFT SORES, SWOLLEN GLANDS. (Formula 606.) (Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
Potas. Soda, Iron, Quinine, Mercury Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica, Stillingia, Jacoranda, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets, 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 8d. (144). With directions.

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See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 31

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In spite of the increase in the cost of beef (the raw material of Bovril), the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the War.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

'THE CADET.'

They do put us through it; never since I left Marlboro' have I had to work as I have done lately: why, settling days on the Stock Exchange are nothing to it. Not having touched mathematics for years the exams. are a bit "up to you" at first; but I have learnt one thing—that all the wise ones smoke "Army Clubs." They're dinkie.

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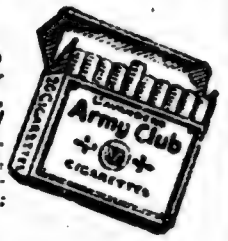
Cavander's "Army" Mixture —Absolutely pure, 7½d. per oz.



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IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, who have given up learning by the old method, dismayed by the difficulties or if you are afraid to begin because of drudgery, let me tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect System, which is a real educator. The word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does not mean to "cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play, thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realms of music to you and give you many years of pleasure.

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A Composer of 3,000 popular songs says: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another Pupil writes after 5 lessons: "Your system is splendid."

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR.

Shavin'? Yessir. Yore old chair, sir, if you please. I on'y 'eard the other day, sir, as you lives alone at 'ome with yo're spinster sister. That *must* be nice! I kin see you sittin' one side of the fire an' 'er the other, you dreamin' yore gentle philosophy, with the tips o' yer fingers jest touchin', an' slippers on the ends of yer toes, w'ile she, p'raps, is knittin' an' sighin' an' lookin' at the fire. An' w'en the stormy winds do blow, and a gust and a moan come down the chimbley, you both shivers an' pities the pore sailors at sea on a night like this. It makes a pritty dermestic picsher, don't it, sir? The First Lord of the Admiralty toastin' 'is toes by the fire w'ile Britain's sea dorgs is 'untin' the dirty 'ounds wot sinks at sight anythink they sees, and are beginnin' to threaten the food supply of the people at 'ome 'ere, becos the Admiralty don't seem able up to now to tackle the new German submarine attack. P'raps w'en you're sittin' by the fire you're thinkin' out fresh plans fur crushin' the 'Uns, sir? One never can tell. Then, now and again, I dessay, you goes to the pi-anner an' gives 'er a chune. I 'ear you're a luvly player, sir It was noos ter me. An' I've picshered you ever since as settin' on the stool playin' the "Blue Bells o' Scotland," or "A Life on the Ocean Wave," or some sich classic hair. But, to come to the pint, sir, as the navvy sed at twelve o'clock, livin' with a spinster sister an' playin' the jo'anner won't win the wore, will it, sir? These times want men of iron, sir, not gentle philosophers an' ivory thumpers. These 'Uns are playin' 'ell with British an' nootral shippin', an' their little game 'as gotter be stopped. I ain't gotter shadder o' doubt the Navy can stop it, if it tries. But, if you'll excuse me, sir, are you the sorter gentleman to inspire our sailors to do it? I don't suggest they want anythin' more than their patriotism an' pluck to inspire 'em—but I know men like to 'ave at the 'ead of 'em a man wot they know *knows an' unnerstands* their job from A to Z. Thet's the sorter boss they work 'ardest an' willin'est for, sir. Now, can you honestly say, sir, thet you're a man wot fills thet bill? . . . *The British system of government don't require a man of thet type in yore place?* P'raps the British system o' government *don't*—but the British people, and the needs o' the moment, *do*, sir! . . . Wot! *You've injoyed me conversation?* You're pullin' me leg, sir! . . . Goo' day, sir, thank you! . . . A tanner tip! Well, wotever else 'e *ain't*, Balfour is a gent, an' no bloomin' errer!

FROM MRS. MALAPROP-BROWN.

MALAPROP-BROWN GETS A COMMISSION.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I had such a shock yesterday, you've no idea. For the past week or so Mr. Malaprop-Brown had been acting very mysterious, to say the least, keeping himself properly shaved every day and using promenade on his hair and participating it down the middle. He also knocked off his whisky—to a certain extent—which thoroughly alarmed me. So that one day I asked him to account for his strange behaviour.

"Ah!" he said, glancing at himself in the overmangle, "there's commissions in the air!" he said.

"There you go!" I ses, "money grubbing again! At what per cent.?"

"I'm referring to commissions in the Army," he ses, puffing out his chest. "I believe I stand a very good chance of obtaining one."

"What?" I ses. "Why, you've been dejected three times."

"Ah, but that was for the rank and vile," he says. "As an officer I shall ride a horse, and prance about."

"The last time you rode a horse and pranced about was on a wooden horse at Hampstead Heath," I remindled him. "And even then you couldn't keep your seat, as you called it, although I notice you've got rather more than improves your figure to-day," I addled.

"You may cheer as much as you please," he retortled. "I have interviewed some brass hats at the War Office, and now await the result."

"Then all I can say is," I ses, "that anybody that gives you a commission won't be a brass hat, as you call it, but a wooden head. How can you expect to be able to lead men when you've always been so easily led yourself?"

"Matilda," he ses sternly, "that's where you're wrong. Don't you know the old saying that you must learn to obey before you can command?"

"That's just it," I replied. "That's the trouble. The only thing you appear to me to have obeyed for years has been your thirst and——"

"Well, that's a start, anyway," he interrupted.

And bless me if at that very moment a knock didn't come to the door. It was the postman with a long envelope.

"Hooray!" he shouted, "I've got it!"

I will describe what happened later.

Yours fatefully,

MATILDA MALAPROP-BROWN.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for November 18th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 069,524 and A093,2 8. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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2d Soups

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

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See "JOHN BULL" PEN Announcement, Page ii of Cover.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL. *19th August, 1916.*

Young Men, Come Along!

We like the Y.M.C.A. work on behalf of our troops, but unfortunately the eagle eye of the Chief Director cannot all the time focus itself on many thousands of huts and tents. The chaps at Fovant Camp complain that charges are made for seats at concerts which are supposed to be free, and that for a billiard match arranged by the Association there was put up the notice, "No tickets to be sold after 4.30 on the day of the match." H—m! Were there bets on the event? And has the Y.M.C.A. turned its feet into the horrible sinful road of gambling?

Dead Tommy and Dead Hun.

Of course everyone loves the Hun, living or dead—perhaps! We are simply inundated with letters from soldiermen asking us why the dead Hun in England should be conveyed to the graveyard in the most swagger hearse available, while the poor dead British Tommy is towed along in an A.S.C. lorry or any ignoble vehicle. As a rule the dead Germhun murderer is granted a band; the dead Tommy is lucky if a single bugler is told off to sound the "Last Post" over him. When the war is over there will be a new order of things, as the men who are now soldiers will then be voters.

"Kid"-napping!

We shout "Hooray!" when we read a paragraph, written by an imaginative man in Fleet Street, stating that Germany has called up her last soldier; but how are we getting on? We have before us a notice paper under the provisions of the Military Service Acts calling up our office boy. He is a bright little chap, and would like us to call a Hun; but he is only 15 years of age—his height is 4 ft. 8½ ins.; his weight 5 st. 1½ lbs., and his chest measurement 22½ ins., inflated. The paper was accompanied by the usual travelling warrant, and the poor lad is threatened with gaol if he does not obey the mandate. In Heaven's name, what is the Recruiting Office at Tottenham about? Are the men there with "warts" and crowns on their cuffs out to collect our infants?

Pelf! Pelf!! Pelf!!!

We notice that Royal Commissions are now being arranged to inquire into various matters, including the question of the cost of the building of huts. May we once more appeal for a Royal Commission to investigate the strange methods of payment of our soldiers—who, in very many quarters, are being rooked, robbed, and fleeced by those who handle the money? We suppose our appeal will be in vain, and the best we can hope for will be a repetition of the South African Inquiry which—though disclosing much dishonesty—was only a locking of the stable door after the steed had been stolen. We know that Tommy is placed in debt, although he is in credit; we know that he is the victim of military Dick Turpins—and, by the God of Battles, we will do our best to have justice done to him!

Sufferings in Sussex.

A Battery of R.F.A. in Sussex has the bad luck to be commanded by a crusty martinet of the old school, who appears to think more of golf than of his duty in looking after the comfort and welfare of his men. Every gunner has a suit of white canvas, which must be washed each week-end and worn dry and clean on Monday morning. The Battery huts have no fires, and as a result 40 men sleep in each, with their 40 washed suits hung up to dry—plus in wet weather 40 soaked greatcoats. We understand there is a General in charge of the Division. Perhaps he will attend to the matter.

Bully Bulford.

At Bulford, which has many imitators, men of twelve and eighteen months' service are put in with the "mixed pickles" and ordered to do recruits' drill. The whole thing is a farce. The trained hands ought to be at the front, and having passed through all the course should not be treated as kiddies. The whole system is rotten.

Passed from Pennington.

Out of the frying pan into the fire. We secured the release from Pennington Camp of some M.T. A.S.C. men. They are now at Norwood, and notwithstanding our food potentialities they are on half rations, whilst most of the boys are suffering from severe colds. Those of the half-starved men who have money and can buy food are barred—as, being in khaki, the restaurants will not have them. Poor, poor devils! How they must envy the umbrella men who can sleep in comfortable beds, are well fed, and haven't to suffer the discomfort of the trenches!

The Boys at Bangalore.

We have had a large mail from "India's Coral Strand" and the most urgent complaint made concerns the Royal Sussex Regiment stationed at Bangalore. 150 men were asked to volunteer for Mesopotamia, and nearly the whole battalion offered. The 150 were selected, and ordered to provide themselves with spine protectors, sun glasses, helmet shades, etc., the generous Government advancing each man £2 for the purpose—adding that the money must be refunded out of the weekly pay! We agree with some of the men that this is a "dastardly shame." The articles should be issued free, and we should like the India Office to take the matter up and have the *money* returned to the men.

Those Magnificent Marconi Men.

Some weeks ago we explained that on some hospital ships the wireless men wore, in addition to their flashes of lightning, badges that made them look like naval officers. Since then we have had quite a hundredweight of letters from operators located North, South, East and West, stating that although some might illegitimately ape the naval men, they are not all tarred with the same brush. We fully agree. We have met "Sparks" on the oceans, and he is not a bad fellow; but the chap who likes to be taken for a Transport Officer in preference to his own honourable calling should be sent to Coventry.

Jack's Food.

Mr. Balfour and the Admiralty have come in for much criticism, sometimes of a pointed nature. We, too, have cases to put before the Admiralty. Here is one of them: Why should the men of the Small Craft at some bases be allowed to buy their food from the Naval Stores at a cheap rate, while those at other bases have to buy their provisions out of their scanty allowance at the highway robbery prices charged by civilian provision merchants? We shall pursue this matter on behalf of our sailors.

Making It Out of Jack.

Messrs. Wm. Miller, Ltd., are, we observe, on the list of naval contractors, and are allowed to sell food to our sailors. Their headquarters are at Portsea, and they have many branches. We have before us one of their account books in respect of supplies to a war ship, and we cannot congratulate them on the terms they allow Jack. We pick out one item from the many—11 bloaters, 4s. 9d. Five pence for each fish! Ashore, threepence is the usual price.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our Pensions Expert

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

R. N. (Portsea).—The pension for a Lieutenant totally disabled is £200 per annum; for a Chief Gunner or Boatswain up to £150, and for a Warrant Officer up to £120.

W. C. (Birkenhead).—Like so many others you left your district, shifted many miles, and gave no change of address—thinking that the pensions officials are wizards and should know your location. I put your case forward and have sent forms from Baker Street. Fill them in, and you will get your dues.

"LONG SERVICE" (Weymouth).—After 22 years' qualifying service, life pensions of from £40 to £50 a year are granted to Chief Petty Officers.

"WIDOW" (Paddington).—As you are the widow of a Private (Class 5) you are entitled to 10s. a week if under 35 years of age. If between 35 and 45, you are entitled to 12s. 6d.—over that age the rate is 15s. As to children, you should get 5s. a week for the first, 3s. 6d. for the second, and 2s. for the third.

MRS. N. E. A. (Bookham).—If you consider that your separation allowance is not sufficient, you should consult the local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, whose name and address you will obtain at the Post Office.

"PENSIONER" (Lee) and MANY OTHERS.—Having been definitely refused a pension by the Chelsea Commissioners, nothing further can be done in the matter at the moment. I can only hope that Parliament will introduce legislation granting pensions on a wider scale, covering every person who is passed into the Army as medically fit and subsequently broken under training. Unfortunately, the Workmen's Compensation Act does not at present apply to the Services.

"D. C. M." (Crewe).—The D.C.M. carries an addition of sixpence a day to the ordinary pension—or, if the winner is promoted to a commission or discharged without a pension, he is entitled to a grant of £20.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

L.-Cpl. M. Payne, 16988, 4th Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Rfn. I. C. Bensuade, 20638, C Coy., K.R.R.; Pte. Hebert Corbett, 1937, B Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. R. Lawrie, 10516, A Coy., Black Watch; Pte. A. Daly, 6945, A Coy., Seaforth Highlanders; Gunner Angus McLeod, 56911, Ammunition Column; Pte. Charles Howe, 16530, Somerset Light Infantry; Q.-M. Sergt. F. J. Wright, Royal West Kent Regt. Territorials; Pte. E. Fox, 1908, 2nd Platoon, A Coy., Norfolks; Cpl. G. R. Sutton, 612, B Coy., Northd. Fusiliers; Pte. J. W. Elliot, 16213, Coldstream Guards; Sergt. R. Day, 8061, A Coy., Royal West Kents; Pte. Jacob Hitchen, 4278, A Coy., South Lancs.; Rfn. Fred Crawley, 7086, A Coy., 12th London Regt.; Pte. J. Pigram, 8650, 5th Platoon, Royal Fusiliers; Pte. J. A. Wigglesworth, A.I.F.; Sergt. F. D. Hester, 4908, 3rd South African Infantry; Pte. John M. Cody, 29482, D Coy., R.I.F.; Pte. R. Carpenter, 2946, 6th Coy., Royal Fusiliers; Pte. W. Beard, 15907, C Coy., 8th Gloucester Regt.; Pte. Hubert Lambourne, 27481, A Coy., Worcestershire Regt.; Pte. L. Skinner, 3-4205, Coy., 1-2 London Regt.; L.-Cpl. W. E. Blackburn, 17321, Cameron Highlanders; Pte. W. B. Cameron, 40362, B Coy., R.S.F.; Pte. H. W. Ship, 1633, London Regt.; Pte. C. H. Ship, 1224, London Regt.; Pte. Hugh Mark, 22905, Cameron Scottish Rifles; Pte. W. Lefevre, 26389, B Coy., Royal Scots; Pte. Charles Rands, 14774, 1-8, W. Yorks Regt.; L.-Cpl. Harry Kitchener, 20552, Grenadier Guards; Sergt. Wm. Ellingham, 1352, Signaller, Northd. Fusiliers. Pte. James Huston, 29323, A Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. R. J. Mackenzie, 155, D Coy., 5th Scottish Rifles.

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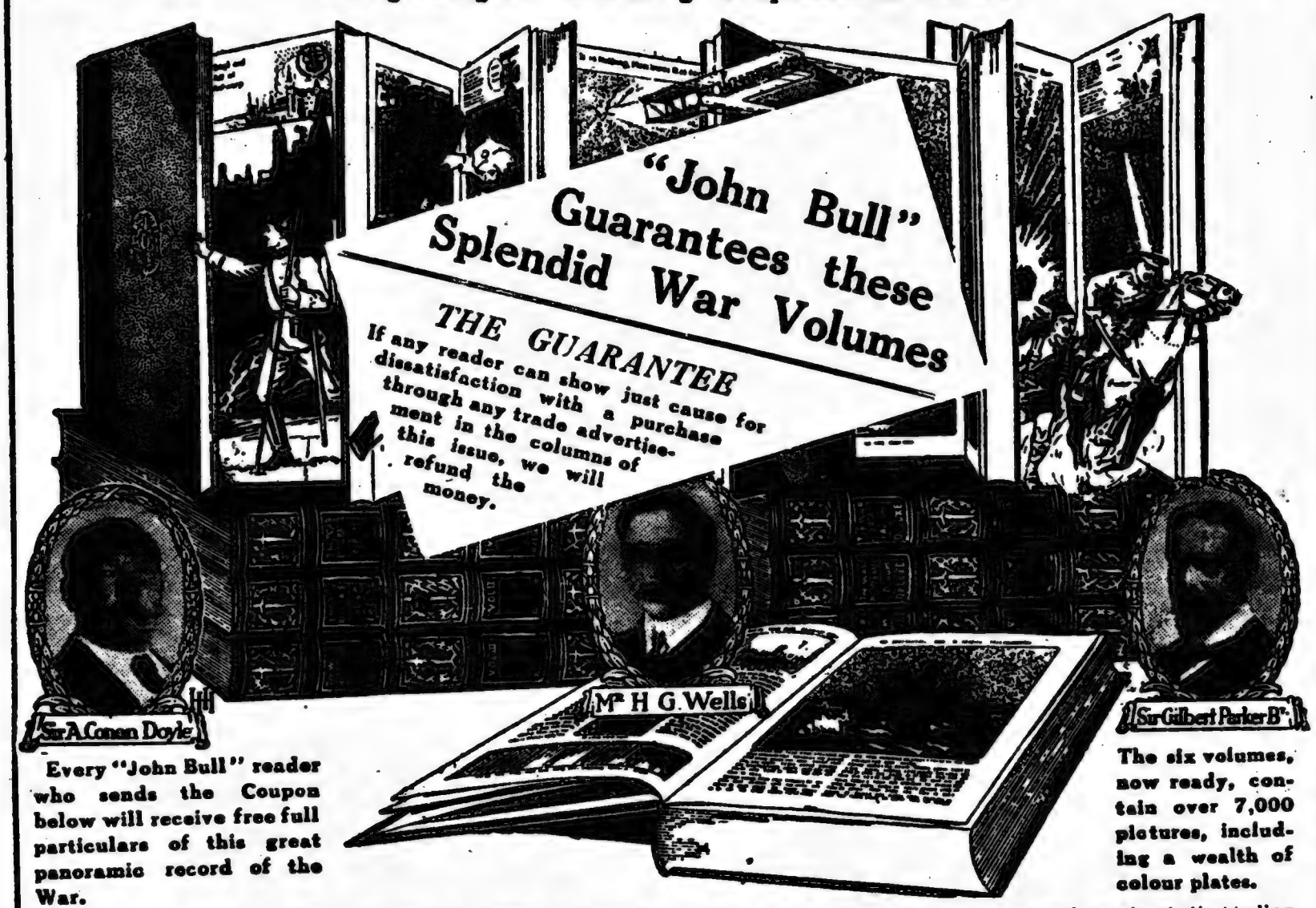
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BAKING POWDER

two ounces of bread crumbs, one and a half pounds of suet, two pounds of raisins one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste Mix the ingredients well together and add six eggs, well beaten and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

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"£35 for an idea."

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1st Prize £10.—"P.T.O."—Wm. J. O'Riordan, Park View Villa, Mumlak, Westport Co. Mayo, Ireland.

2nd Prize £5 (Gent.'s).—"Knoxall."—Gunner J. F. Clarke, 6427, 1/2nd N.S.R.G.A. Broughty Ferry, Scotland.

2nd Prize £5 (Lady's).—"Capsall."—Miss F. C. Hall, 81, High St., Poole, Dorset.

3rd Prize 50s. (Gent.'s).—"K'nutshell."—Gunner Eugene Fuller, 28365, H.M.S.G.C. & H.2 B.E.F., France.

3rd Prize 50s. Lady's).—"Tisit."—Mrs. Sam Hirst, Rosebank, Whitefield, Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

10 Consolation Prizes of 10s. each.—"Turnstyle."—Mrs. Lewellyn Lewis, 2, Sutton Lane, Chiswick, London, W.; Geo. Bloomfield, 76, Woodland Terrace, Darlington, Yorks. "Yushiteldo."—Charles Barlow, 41 Stotts Lane, Newton Heath, Manchester. Topps."—Mrs. W. Payne, 61, Burnyside Road, Worcester. "Wabrit."—E. Laurence Cottrell, 67, Ranelagh Road, Wolverhampton. "Reverse."—J. H. Peters, Air Mechanic, R.N.A.S., H.M.S. City of Oxford, c/o G.P.O., B Dyer, 25, Wellington Road, Newark-on-Trent. "Twintector."—W. Bascombe, 125, New Bond Street, London, W. "Seaplane."—Pte. D. Pirie, 2/2 E.F., c.o. Mrs. Hills, Mr. Hills Farm, Margate, Kent. "Double-service."—W. J. Davies, 61, Henry Street, Cadoxton, Newport, Mon., Wales.

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Are you in pain? This is the question you will hear daily, and to be able to relieve pain, whether it be a slight nervous headache or the most excruciating sufferings of neuralgia or rheumatism, brings the heights of pleasure to both patient and doctor.

Touching this point, Dr. H. Engle (M.D.) says Antikamnia Tablets have become favourites with members of the medical profession; they are very reliable in all kinds of pain, and act at once. To stop pain quickly the dose is one tablet, repeat the dose 10 minutes later if necessary.

Antikamnia Tablets never fail to give relief in all pains due to rheumatism, headache, sciatica, neuralgia, toothache, gout, and are especially useful for all conditions known as women's aches and pains.

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I desire to have my name put on the list of "John Bull" applicants for the £1 Presentation Copies of the Modern English Dictionary, and enclose cheque (or postal order) for 5s. 6d. in full payment, including postage. (*Foreign and Colonial Postage 6d. extra*). I understand that the money will be returned at once and in full to any applicant who, after receiving the Dictionary, is not completely satisfied with it.

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Send us the P.O., we do the rest (and prove we have done it).

All Wool Khaki Comforter (can be worn as scarf or helmet) **2/10** each Post free.

All Wool Khaki Service Socks - 1/10 Per Pair Post free.

All Wool Khaki Mittens - - - - 1/4 Per Pair Post free.

Any of the above Articles will be sent by return post free to any part of the British Isles.

Or the parcel—containing Comforter, Socks, and Mittens (as above), securely packed—will be sent, post paid, direct to the trenches for - - - - **7/-** and a **Post Office Certificate of Posting** will be sent by same post to you, **Proving Dispatch.**

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Turnpike House, Leigh, Lancs.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

The refusal of the authorities to grant pensions to men invalided out, because they contracted their disabling disease at home and not abroad, is responsible for much of the prevailing distress, and drives many applicants to JOHN BULL. We are glad, however, to know that the matter is about to be taken up in Parliament, and hope to see an alteration.

The heartless landlord is another factor which counts for much of the prevailing hardships. The soldier's wife is not wanted in most quarters, apparently because she *is* the wife of a soldier—and poor broken fellows discharged with small pensions and unable to work, necessarily seeking lower-priced quarters, discover that it is almost impossible to get them. The evicting landlord, too, is very much to the fore, and we can only regret that the state of the law grants facilities to house-owning sharks to kick our suffering heroes into the gutter.

A Gunner met with an accident while training at home, as an effect of which he contracted cancer, resulting in his discharge. He has no pension, and is now a patient of one of our hospitals. Being without money or friends, he was in bad case until he read of our Fund.

An elderly lady, drawing the Old Age Pension, sent four sons to the war. Two were killed, the third is wounded in hospital, and the fourth cannot allot her money, as he is a married man. The patriotic dame was in very acute distress when a neighbour reminded her that JOHN BULL, through its philanthropic readers, looks after cases such as hers.

The mother of a sailor is in bed seriously ill. She has only the small allowance made by her boy and whatever charity her neighbours extend to her. Her husband, an Army man, was killed in the Boer War. The poor creature was in a state of starvation until we took her case up.

A boy out in the Big Push wrote to us, saying that his father had died and that his widowed mother was in distress. We immediately looked into the matter and acted promptly, thus relieving the mind of the gallant lad.

Burial Clubs are quite common, but unfortunately some of our poorer friends do not make the use of them they should—owing, we believe, to a superstition. During the last week we have been called upon to pay for the interment of seven soldiers' dependents who were in danger of parish funerals.

Yet another man in the trenches worrying about his old mother. She is over 80 years of age, and has only her old age pension of 5s. a week and the soldier's allotment of 3s. 6d. The poor creature was behind with her rent, and her landlord held the sword of eviction over her head. Here again we helped the victim, and sent a message to the front that cheered the anxious son.

There is much talk now about pensions, and after more than two years of warfare papers other than JOHN BULL have followed its lead by taking up the question of pensioners and their rights. We regret that some who have recently entered the field describe our fund as a charitable palliative. It is nothing of the sort. We get those entitled to pensions their rights, and any moneys that we send to the victims of the system are simply a practical token of the sympathy of our readers with those who have sacrificed their lives or health.

As the winter advances we receive increased appeals for clothing, the supply of which is unfortunately short.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

Mrs. D. E. M. (Canvey Island), £5; H. H. (York), 1s.; "Jennie R.," 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Aileen" 1s.; "Tour de Nesles," £5; "Anonymous," 1s.; "Anxious Mother" (Eastbourne), 1s.; W. E. T. (Brixton), 1s.; C. M. (Rotherham), 2s. 6d.; E. E. C. (South Shields), 4s.; F. J. (Birkenhead), 1s.; 'Kat's Eye," 1s.; R. S. B. K., 5s.; "Lonely Tommy's Friend," 1s.; J. H. S., 1s.; J. J. (Shetland), 1s.; C. F. C., 2s.; "Every Little Helps" 2s.; W. H. C., 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; "Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Swift* (per J. C.), £1 18s. 9d.; J. H. C. (Wimbledon), 2s. 6d.; "Let Live," 1s.; M. S., 6d.; S. A., 1s.; J. D. (Mile End), 1s.; "Jim," 1s.; H. G. E., 1s.; M. T. (Ripon), 1s.; A. S. H. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; W. W. B., 1s.; J. S. B., 2s. 6d.; C. J. A., 5s.; A. W. M. (Yorks), 1s.; E. W. A., £1 10s.; F. H., £1; W. B., 2s.; A. G. M. (S. Africa), 6s.; L. S., 6d.; H. H. O. (B.E.F.), 10d.; R. S. & J. I. (Canada), 7s. 4d.; R. J. A., 1s.; B. B., 2s.; "Manxman," 6d.; "Sheffield Miller," 1s.; "Satisfied" (Leeds), 1s.; A. G., 1s. 6d.; N. A., 6d.; S. C., 1s.; D. G., 1s.; E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; E. L. T., 1s.; "A Patriot," 10s.; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; "Poor Crippled Tommy," 1s.; W. (Salonica), 2s. 10d.; C. (H.M.S. *Imperieux*), 1s. 3d.; A. L. R., 6d.; E. J. F., 1s. 4d.; "Fed Up," 2s.; R. C., 2s.; R. J. O., 1s.; F. G., 6d.; "A Great Admirer of H.B.," 1s.; J. R., 6d.; "A Wicked Gambler," £2; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch Branch), £1 9s.; C. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; Surplus from Dance held by "C" Section, Armstrong Whitworth's Munition Factory (per J. S. M.), £1 4s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; A. J. W., 1s.; "Returns" (Leyton), 1s.; E. L. T., 1s.; "A Gunner," 10 francs; Essex County Council Staff (per H. W. C.), £2 2s.; "A Young Colonial" (Brighton), 1s.; Mrs. A. (Grimsby), 10s.; G. S. G., £1 1s.; K. M., 1s.; A. M. W. (Mitcham), 6d.; C. G. W., 5s.; A. S. (Canada) 81; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Pie," 5s.; H. G., 6d.

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GREENWICH.—Captain and Crew, s.s. *Dulwich*, South Metropolitan Gas Co., £1 12s.

YORK.—Mr. A. W. Outhwaite, Stationer and Newsagent, Market Street, 2s. 6d.

LEICESTER.—Miss M. Niblett, Albion Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. T. Fox, "Fish and Quart Hotel," Churchgate, 3s. 4d.; Mr. G. Dakin, "Shaftesbury Hotel," Conduit Street, 3s. 1d.

LONDON.—Mr. A. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 3s.; Mr. A. Johnson, "Distillers' Arms," 28, Handcock Road, Bromley, 2s. 6d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, c/o Messrs. Taplow and Co., Whitehall, Leytonstone Road, 5s. 4½d.; Mr. T. Rawlings, "Bessborough Arms," Bessborough Place, S.W., 2s. 7½d.; Mr. E. G. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, S.W., 4s.; Mr. M. A. Gitos, "Rose of Denmark," 322, Roman Road, Old Ford, 11s. 10d.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

W. E. PUGH, 16, Stanley Street, Weymouth. October 28th. 503,210.

A. CARTER, 52, Cambridge Road, Thornaby-on-Tees. October 28th. 825,364.

J. W. ROBINSHAW, 4, Shaw Road, Newhey. October 28th. 453,632.

DANIEL ELLIS, 77, Booth Street West, C.-on-M., Manchester. November 4th 797,219.

M. WOODCOCK, 4, Mulliner Street, Oldham. November 4th. 153,805.

W. COUZENS, 7, Edward Road, Victoria Avenue, Blackley, Manchester. November 4th. 636,840.

W. SMITH, 16, Benbow Road, Hammersmith, W. November 4th. 527,159.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of November 18th:—

003,352	331,273	677,447	943,017	A253,126
045,916	354,751	696,125	965,222	A276,045
096,031	382,553	721,328	971,723	A333,893
137,637	415,489	767,194	A013,356	A354,604
152,673	442,968	812,116	A045,212	A387,483
184,984	461,816	846,650	A056,136	A446,710
198,280	492,380	871,837	A088,710	A462,919
226,479	531,039	885,500	A125,660	A489,591
257,094	586,194	900,703	A177,523	A523,196
307,259	654,636	927,689	A198,312	A560,872

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Nov. 29th).

FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM AND SERIOUS KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Trained Nurse explains how to effect a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment used in hospitals.

When even slight kidney derangement is neglected, there is not only the risk of developing Bright's Disease, Dropsy or other practically incurable maladies, but the certainty that rheumatic disorders will eventually result. I know from hospital experience that articular, muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, bladder or gall stone, etc., are all simply the penalties of neglecting weakened kidneys. However, no one need be a martyr to these complaints for a single day. Simply drink plenty of water and flush, cleanse and purify the kidneys occasionally by adding a small teaspoonful of pure refined *alkia saltrates* to a tumbler of the water. Any chemist can supply this curative compound at slight cost, and it dissolves uric acid as hot water dissolves sugar. Once the sharp crystals are dissolved *they cannot be painful*, and are soon filtered out and expelled by the kidneys. The saltrated water will also stimulate the liver and intestines, clearing these of poisonous impurities which otherwise clog all the eliminative organs. Avoid too much red meat, sugar, salt, alcohol and tea. A milk and vegetable diet is good. Keep the skin active by exercising until you perspire freely, for the skin eliminates toxic impurities and acids. This is specially important if you are past middle age and have backache, stiff muscles and "rusty" joints. Or, if disinclined to strenuous exercise, an occasional bath in hot water, medicated with a handful of ordinary *Revdel bath saltrates* will answer quite as well and stop any pain within ten minutes.—A. N. H.

Advr.

LOVELY EYELASHES

grown and kept so by the application once daily of the colourless eyelash food

CURLA-H CREAM

This all-British triumph is used by ladies of discrimination. Miss NINA DE ILVA Mrs. Martin Harvey writes: "I find it more than a special one for it."

Post free, plain wrapper, with brush and address 1/- *and* 1/9

The J. BALDWIN & CO., Wigmore St., LONDON, W.

Illustrated list of fine toilet articles free on request.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of LEGAL inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. FINANCIAL and INSURANCE inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, CITY JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

A. L. R. (Brighton).—Thanks for thanking us for thanking God for London. Our love to three soldier brothers, and yours to soldier sweetheart in Muddy Flanders.

"ARMON."—As a constant reader, you call our attention to the subject of food prices, upon which you do not recollect that we have written. Call again, sonny, after taking some memory juice.

BYLDEN, A. P. (B.E.F.).—"If New Zealand had refused to help, could England have forced her to?" Why imagine such a horrid thing? Anyway, England neither could, nor would if she could, force any Colony to fight.

"CHARLTON" (Harrogate).—It mayn't be everybody's considered opinion, but we would rather swop 7,000 Germhun prisoners in Britain for 700 British prisoners in Germhuny than not swop at all.

"CHARLTON" (Chatham).—Notice above, and let us add that we wouldn't mind giving the Kaiser the whole durned tribe of Germhun civilians in this country for nothing. And we would see that they never came back.

MISS M. W. (Aberdeen) says we do a lot of good, but are a bit pig-headed, hard to convince, and sometimes in the wrong. That's why we're JOHN BULL.

W. S. (Hereford).—May be useful later on. Quite right that we "praise a parson sometimes and sometimes don't." It all depends on the parson.

PRIVATE E. B. B. (Fulham).—It was evidently a concerted arrangement of all the Co-ops. to compel members to buy 8s. or 4s. worth of goods to obtain 1lb. of sugar.

F. L. C. (Manchester).—We attach no value to any pledges of the Government on any subject whatever. And the military don't care a dum about them either.

STEVEN H. C. S. (Haylebury).—Photo. "showing how Germhun prisoners are treated in England" received. "Treated" is good. English prisoners in Germhuny are ill-treated.

"PATHER" (Dartmouth).—"25½ months' service at the Front" and only six days' leave. If he had stayed at home, he would have had a Saturday to Monday nearly every week-end.

"JAMES" (Honor Oak).—The composition of real Germhun sausage is unknown to us. All you need for the perfect digestion of any sausage is confidence.

"HARLSTON."—How can a Rate Collector be indispensable when his job used to be done by a woman? And a man of 37 should not serve on a Tribunal. In front of it is his place.

"WHARNCLIFFE."—So the L. & N. W. directors went inspecting from Euston to Queen's Park, and had a special saloon train for the whole terrible distance—about 4 miles, isn't it? Well, it's *their* line, and *their* saloon; not ours, worse luck.

"A FREEMAN OF LANCASTER."—"Future generations will thank God that a Bottomley existed." Not believing in waiting, we are doing it now.

"TWO WOUNDED SOLDIERS."—"A little boy came to me and a comrade in Highgate and insisted on us to accept 1s. 0½d. which he had saved in coppers for wounded soldiers. At first we refused, but his mother with tears in her eyes, pleaded us to take it for the child's sake." Good kiddy—doing his bit!

A. F. (Walton-on-the-Naze).—If your water supply is coloured as if clay were mixed in it, and if it smells when allowed to settle, it is time you roused the town. And if diphtheria is about, *high* time. Get lively.

"FOUR DISCHARGED SOLDIERS" (Newark).—"Is it right discharged soldiers working on munitions at Newark, Notts, should be hauled and jeered by shirkers who say they never will go?" It is as wrong as anything we ever heard. But curs will bark at the heels of men with pluck and pride.

"SILVER B. D. A."—While in hospital, you are subject to a stoppage of 7d. a day if you contracted any illness at home.

"FAIRPLAY" (Newtongrange) AND OTHERS.—Our par. on "Dangerous Fanatics" was written with full knowledge of the facts. We gave particulars long ago, and repeated our warning because the fanatics are active in the absence of menfolk.

"A CANADIAN" (C. E. F.).—Disagreeing with that Canadian officer's letter, you and mostly all the others can say that you have always found yourselves heartily welcomed by the English in all parts. It is no more than you deserve, but we are glad to hear it.

"MARGARET" (Peebles).—So far as we know, the Government have no official report that British prisoners of war in Germhuny have been sent home after inoculation with consumption germs. Germhuns are, however, not incapable of any satanic atrocity.

"AN OLD READER" (Middlesbrough).—"Works, under Government, at Port Clarence, are only doing four shifts a week; seven men for one man's job; full of eligible young men, but won't part with them." Wish we had the comb to make a parting with.

J. H. M. (Hongkong).—The playbill of the Hongkong Theatre Royal, with its "Anglie Japanese Alliance and other Tricks," is certainly amusing, but probably a Jap playbill set up by British printers would be just as funny.

"JOCK" (Aberdeen).—We would raise everybody's wages if we could do so. The heart is willing but the purse is weak.

F. H. (Newcastle).—"To settle a bet is sir Edward Casement the imminent lyer a brother of sir Roger Casement the man who was hung? I had free edication." It does seem a little free, certainly.

A. E. (London).—Nothing new in yours. Disinclined at present for controversy as to compulsory notification of such diseases. We have stated some of our reasons for being opposed to it, and the medical profession, generally, agree with them.

J. D. S. (Croydon).—There are a few things we don't know. Whether animals go to Heaven is one of them. Some animals of our acquaintance certainly ought to.

"OWEN" (Armley).—Surely you have been to school? An island is a piece of land entirely surrounded by Sir John Jellicoe; an estuary is the mouth of a tidal river.

"DOCTOR" (Denholm).—Cannot interfere in the case of Burdee. The question whether fasting was or was not the right treatment is a medical one, as to which it would be folly for us to express an opinion.

"TEMPERANCE" (Tottenham).—Don't tell whoppers. Beer is officially distributed to Germhun soldiers at the Front; in fact, the quantity is 1,500,000 litres a day.

F. M. (Forres).—Doubtless Louis Hirschberg, jeweller, of Glasgow and Inverness, is a British subject and therefore entitled to trade as Louis Hill; but probably his rich Scotch brogue willdis'inguish him anywhere.

T. R. L. (Leeds).—We do not know what are the fees of Tribunal Clerks. Some of them are Town Clerks acting voluntarily; some, too, are apparently under military age, doing duties which could be more fitly and as competently done by men over military age. This observation also applies to some Military Representatives.

D. W. J. (St. Marta) says that if we cannot intern all the Huns we should call ourselves "John Bullette." If we are to be penalised for that, why not "JHun Bull"?

A. H. (Yorks).—Everybody outside Germhuny knows who "began it." Just before the outbreak Sir Edward Grey's attitude to the Kaiser and Bethmann von Hollweg might have been expressed in the words of Psalm cxx. 6: "I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof they make them ready to battle."

"EX-FIELD OFFICER" (Heathfield Tower).—Thanks. We assure you our evidence is ample that Tommy *does* think a lot of us; but not as much, perhaps, as we think of him.

R. S. P. (South Wales) states that if the Liquor Uncontrolled Board "further interferes with the hours" the South Wales miners threaten to down tools. We hope not. Patriotism before beer.

SAPPER J. B. (B.E.F.).—"Which covers the greater area, Belgium or Yorkshire?" Just finish pushing the Boches out of Belgium, and then we'll get it measured for you.

"GERALDINE."—A hard and fast rule debars girls under 18 from munitions work; it seems silly in the case of a really strong and capable girl of 17.

"A WITNESS" (Luton).—"Wounded soldiers arriving at the Town Hall to be entertained were played in by a band, but the music was stopped because the Tribunal was sitting." Yes, we know that Tribunal.

PRIVATE W. (The Buffs).—You and your four brothers are Quakers, and you are all on active service for King and country. You are Quakers to be proud of, and we would there were more like you.

T. S. (Swansea).—"Smoking Concert arranged by his mates to benefit wounded soldier must be registered as a War Charity and a penny tax paid on each 6d. ticket"! Oh, the majesty of the law!

"ANGRY ANN" (Harrogate).—At a Piccadilly Hotel the waiter refused to supply cigarettes to you and another lady "because there was no gentleman with you." You should have asked the waiter to sit down.

"A PARSON" (Banbury).—"If Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark were to join in the fray to-morrow, the war would be over in six months." A ripping notion! We must drop them each a postcard.

"NOVEMBER" (London).—If you say that the following introductory remarks were made by the Vicar in trying to compliment the lady opening the bazaar upon her unobstrusive good works, "I know all about Mrs. ——'s inside (pause) inside works" (worse pause and then collapse)—well, we suppose we must believe you.

Mrs. E. F. P. (Small Heath).—Our views on the Early Closing Act have already been stated at length, but unfortunately to all remonstrances the Government have replied "Shut up!"

Miss H. M. (Birmingham).—Publicans, as we understand, are forbidden to sell tobacco or cigarettes during the hours when tobacconists' shops are compulsorily closed. But who can say what will be "Samuel's latest" by the time this paragraph appears?

"INOCULATE" (Keswick).—The only safe plan is to intern every enemy subject, and that is the course we have consistently urged upon the Government from the outset of the war. As wished, your letter cremated.

G. L. (Victoria Docks, E.).—As long as the Germhuns hug the delusion of victory, it is little use threatening them with reprisals *after* the war. A few live bombs on Cologne and Frankfurt would be a good deal more to the point.

Private A. E. (Rochdale).—The indemnity paid by France to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War amounted to £200,000,000, and you may take it from us that France will shortly be getting her own back with compound interest on a thumping scale.

"INQUISITIVE" (Harwich) says: "What about a 'Bullets' Christmas Box?" If you see it in (next week's) JOHN BULL it will be so!

F. R. V.—On your statement, you have been badly treated by White, Fisher and Co., of Glasgow, and the firm has no right to use our name in the manner in which it is doing.

R. A. H. (Barbourne).—When Col. Webb, of the Worcester Tribunal, remarked of the father of nine, all under 16, that "if we could kill off half the children we should take him," he did not mean that literally. He is a humorist, not a butcher.

E. F. (Brixton).—No thanks for sample of Demerara sugar, but it may be a lot nicer than it looks.

H. S. (Stratford).—Oh, well, if the Dutch fish was bad it *was* bad. We'll not pick any bones about it.

"SEMPER" (Exeter).—The Exeter Gas Co. are no more economical in the use of paper for their ads. than they wish you to be in the use of their gas.

"JOHN BULL" (Bathgate).—Rather saucy, your *nom-de-plume?* "Is there such a thing as eatable eggs made otherwise than hens laying them?" Oh, yes; ducks' eggs, for instance. But that's not cricket.

M. H. (Southwold).—"Tell us why a soldier, when walking with a lady, is not allowed to take her arm?" Because she should take *his* arm, girlie.

RFLMAN. V. A. H. (France).—A hefty Hun prisoner has just told you of the sinking of our Fleet and the fall of London! We had not noticed anything, but will send the boy out to ask.

"BRITISHER" (Jamaica).—Drawing of cartoon of Kaiser good, but what's the idea of writing "His Place in the Sun" on the seat of his trousers?

C. S. P. (Cork).—Poem received. It is worth its weight in potatoes.

"FORCE" (Crawfordsburn).—Have exposed the Household Supply Co., Warwick Street, Manchester, over and over again.

"TROOPER" (Charlton).—"Professor" Elmer Knowles, of Westminster Bridge Road, S.W., is familiar with our opinion of him; it is that he is a charlatan and a liar.

LATE CORPL. E. W. (Burnley).—Glad to hear that you carried all through the war the JOHN BULL Pen given you by your friend for the purpose of writing to him, and that it was so much appreciated by comrades to whom you lent it. Good wishes for your speedy recovery—perhaps, as you say, the pen *did* prove a talisman.

T. E. (Cheltenham), hearing that many boys at the Front suffer from "barber's rash," offers us a guinea to insert the cure: "Spirits of turps will cure, if applied every six hours." Inserted free, gratis and for nothing.

"PIM" (Apsley Guise).—You challenge anybody to produce a more typical "John Bull" than your brother, who "has taken prizes for the make-up, wears a Union Jack waistcoat, has a round, jovial face, and a fine Hill 60 in front." Any takers?

S. B. (Manchester).—Address your insurance question to the *City John Bull*. Get a copy and read instructions.

MRS. GILBEY (51, South Street, W.) asks for spare stalls and boxes for the Albert Hall—especially Sunday Concerts—for blind soldiers and sailors. It is a good scheme, and has already earned much appreciation from St. Dunstan's.

S. R. (Kelvedon).—"We want shells"—so at a Yorkshire shell factory men work full time on making souvenirs from shell steel, to satisfy demands of Local Committee. The Committee ought to be blown up.

G. P. (Richmond).—"Because a man is poor and don't pay his rent, there is no reason why he should not have a clean house." Perhaps not, but if he gets into the County Court he may have a dirty passage.

W. J. T. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Why did a Zeppelin come down in the North of London? Because their spirits were low, so they dropped at Potters 'Bar' to get a drink." This is not original, but we prescribe a Seidlitz powder.

Mrs. C. N. (Gloucester).—As the first lady claiming to have invented the "Tanks," you display a lovely cheek. Sorry we can't reach it.

R. A. D. (Pembridge).—"What a hash some of you people make of things when you dabble in agricultural matters." And what a slush some of you critics make when you mess around with a pen and ink.

F. L. H. (Hereford).—Whether to make a success of farming it is necessary to be "born and bred on the land," is entirely a matter of opinion. For instance, to be successful as an aviator it is not necessary to be born and bred in the clouds.

"ONE IN DOUBT" (Halifax).—"Hope you will find space to wipe these people down." We will do our best, but just now there's a fearful run on the duster.

R. S. L. (Bournemouth).—First Sir Ernest Cassel, and now Sir Felix Schuster, fined at Bournemouth for unshaded lights. Nothing "shady" about the circumstances, unless you are speaking in riddles.

"PATRIOT."—As a girl, you think it your duty to do War Service, and ask what direction it should take. You will get best advice from *Everywoman's*.

C. R. (Granthorpe).—"Did we get your sheets for perusal?" No; perhaps they were lost in the wash.

"MOTHER" (Playford).—Thank you, madam. May all your brave boys return home to make you one of the happiest mothers in the world.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Your Friend on Active Service
He wants cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him a regular supply of "De Reszke" Cigarettes—he's worthy of the very best. Buy them yourself and post the parcel with your own hands—then you know they are bound to reach him safely.
Sold everywhere

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops.—ADVT.

HORLICKS Malted Milk COCOA Sustaining and Healthful

Also HORLICKS M.M. packet Chocolate of all Chemists and Grocers

Watford

THE 'JOHN BULL' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

Your last chance to win a Turkey!

1000 TURKEYS

LAST WEEK OF OUR GREAT XMAS OFFER.
800 TURKEYS TO BE WON THIS WEEK.
These Turkeys will be of the best quality and
WORTH AT LEAST £1 EACH.
Winners will be notified immediately the awards are made and the Turkeys will be dispatched to arrive in ample time for the Xmas dinner.
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS REMARKABLE OFFER.

1000 TURKEYS

2nd Prize £25 — FIRST PRIZE £250 — £10 3rd Prize

Over 5,000 Prizes — Value £1,250!

10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	AND 2,000 SPECIAL "TARGET" PRIZES.	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/

200 Specially selected Turkeys to be Won this week!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(215) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 215, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, November 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(215) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 216. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these Offices on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 216 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 216, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 216

TOMMY LIKES	BORROWING HABIT	WHY MAID LEFT	GERMAN SOLDIERS
SIR DOUGLAS HAIG	ON PARADE	ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR	WHAT FATHER HATES
SETTLING BILL	CAUGHT NAPPING	A FISHY STORY	BABY SHOWS
SEEING THE PICTURES	STOUT AND BITTER	ALL THE RAGE	BLUNT REFUSAL
MOST UNLIKELY	ON THE STAGE	BARGAIN SALES	THE KAISER'S WEAK SPOT

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co., Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be fastened in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 215.

CONTROLLING FOOD
AFTER GETTING PUSH
FOUL PLAY
PLENTY OF BRASS
KNOWING WIDOW
WHEN TOMMY CHARGES
DEAREST
EATING TOO MUCH
FARMER'S BOY
CIVIL TREATMENT
HANGING TOGETHER
TAKING LIBERTY
A PAINFUL SENSATION
GERMAN PLEDGES
TRYING FOR TURKEY
GROWING FAT
A PRETTY MISS
CUNNING DODGE
A TOUGH PROPOSITION
WIFE'S DRESS ALLOWANCE
WITHOUT LEAVE
NOTICE TO QUIT
FALLING IN
WHEN FATHER SHOPS
PLAIN COOK
TRYING HIS BEST
RISING EARLY
A BAD TURN
COSY CORNER
SURPRISING THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
A TOUGH PROPOSITION.
Bullet:—
GERMANS THINK BRITONS BRAVE

Example:—
A PRETTY MISS.
Bullet:—
TOMMY ALWAYS WELCOMES.

Example:—
FALLING IN.
Bullet:—
ICE TIPS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated December 16th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated November 25th.

RESULT OF 212TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. C. J. SHEARER,
21, Montgomerie St., Ardrossan, Scotland.

Example:—TRYING THE KAISER.
Bullet:—MEANWHILE PROSECUTE THE WAR.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. WM. PARKER,
1, Albert Rd., Consett, Co. Durham.

Example:—A BAD MISS
Bullet:—MAKES PARENTS "SIT UP."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. C. HUDSON,
18, Stewart's Road, Battersea, London, S.W.

Example:—LICKS CREATION
Bullet:—CARRYING CAPACITY—TOMMY'S KNAPSACK.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. R. TYCE, 68, St. Clement's Hill, Norwich:
LOOKING FORWARD—THE WISEST "PLAN" NOW.

Mr. J. DIMMOCK, 64, Langley Road, Luton, Beds.:
TOMMY EXPECTS—"WIN" FIRST—"PLACE" AFTERWARDS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. G. LYDFORD, Sturminster Newton, Blandford, Dorset:
MAKES HUNS HOWL—"LITTLE FEEDS THEIR FURY.

Mr. A. B. COX, 66, Manor Road Brockley, London, S.E.:
EATING LESS—WEAKENS THE "CENTRAL POWERS."

Mr. T. DAVIS, 6, Angel Lane, Shaftesbury:
EXPENSIVE HABIT—NOT "SHUTTING UP" SOMETIMES.

Mr. J. H. WAITE, 35, Grimesthorpe Road, Sheffield:
BULLY BEEF—RARELY A HOT FAVOURITE.

Mr. A. PARRY, 86, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.:
EATING LESS—"ROUND FIGURES" DISPROVE IT.

Mrs. F. GREENWOOD, 24, Swift Street, Barnsley, Yorks.:
EATING LESS—MEANS GOING WITHOUT WITHIN.

Mr. W. L. BROADBENT, 10, Woodfield Terrace, Lockwood, Huddersfield:
FATHER'S FAVOURITE—SELDOM "AGREES" WITH HIM.

Mr. W. ALSTROM, 12, Radcliffe Road, Winchmore Hill, London:
OUR DRILL-SERGEANT—TUBE LIFTMAN THINKS HIMSELF

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mrs. W. BLOCK, 57, Fleeming Road, Walthamstow, London, N.E.:
CHANGING HER MIND—"DANGEROUS"—CROSSING THE ROAD.

Mr. J. LANGLEY, Grimpo, West Felton, Oswestry:
COMING IN LATE—CAREFUL TO AVOID "NOTICE."

Mr. R. MARSH, The Green, Matlock:
LEFT BEHIND—HANDKERCHIEFS AT KAISER'S FUNERAL.

Mr. J. MACKENZIE, c.o. Logan, 20, Smith Street, Hillhead, Glasgow:
TRYING THE KAISER—FINDING "POLES" AREN'T "PROPS."

Mr. F. VOCE, 6, Lathom Grove, Seaforth, near Liverpool:
WINKED AT—ARMY MOTOR'S HEADLIGHTS.

Gunner THORNTON, R.G.A., Intake, near Sheffield:
KEPT SECRET—MANY SINGERS' WORDS.

Mr. J. L. HEWITT, Park Cottage, Broughton Park, Manchester:
IN LOW WATER—WE "REALISE" OUR "WORTH."

Mr. G. BURROWS, High Street, Thurlby, near Bourne, Lincs:
OUR DRILL-SERGEANT—REMINDS HENPECKED OF HOME.

Mrs. A. WALDER, Western Road, Newick, Sussex:
FATHER'S FAVOURITE—PEW—SELECTED NEAREST DOOR.

Sgt. A. M'NEIL, R.E., D. 69, Mont Dore Hospital, Bournemouth:
A HIGH FLYER—AUCTIONEER SUGGESTING OPENING BID.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 200 WINNERS OF TURKEY PRIZES FOR THE ABOVE COMPETITION WILL BE SENT TO ANY APPLICANT FORWARDING A PENNY STAMP TO THESE OFFICES, AND WILL ALSO APPEAR IN THE "COMPETITORS' JOURNAL."

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(215) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 215, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 30th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(215) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else, be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (a) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total a limited claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Nov. 25th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (a) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*)

Nov. 25th, 1916

(a) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme

—OR—

(b) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

"Don't call me Miss Mortimer—

I'm Mrs. Blake now! Yes. I'm married. We found there was no real reason for waiting. The 'Midland' Ideal Terms enabled us to furnish the loveliest little home you ever saw. We never touched a penny of our capital. We just went to the 'Midland,' picked exactly what we wanted out of the £100,000 worth of splendid furniture, and arranged to pay for it at our own convenience."

Money buys more at the "Midland"

You've only to compare the plainly marked "Midland" prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality, to see for yourself that the "Midland" price is the bargain price. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience without paying a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Beautifully finished Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suite in Sheraton style, comprising commodious 4 ft. Wardrobe with large drawer 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Chest; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; 2 cane-seated Chairs and richly inlaid 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead. Complete, **25 Guineas**

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country)

Worth	Per Month
£10...	£0 5 6
20...	0 11 0
30...	0 16 6
40...	1 2 0
50...	1 7 6
100...	2 15 0
200...	5 10 0
500 ..	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

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